THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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PICOTT AND HIS PATRONS.

Unionism and Crime—How Dynamite Plots Were Arranged.

Startling Revelations.

[*From Davitt's Labor World.*]

In our last issue we gave a brief account of James McDermott, and detailed how he was enlisted in the service of the British Consul General in New York. We described his interviews with Rossa and subsequently with Sir Edward Archibald, and told how he was instructed to leave Liverpool, in compliance with a message sent from Dublin Castle, asking for his services, and we left him in the Railway hotel, Birkenhead, where he had registered under the name of "Peter Quigley." He was told, before leaving New York, that an official from Dublin Castle would call upon him at the hotel, whose name would be George Jones. "George Jones" was none other than Mr. G. W. Jenkinson, the then chief of the criminal investigation department of Dublin Castle.

We do not pretend to know what transpired between "Peter Quigley" and Mr. "George Jones" in their first interview. We can only conjecture what the mission was upon which McDermott was to be engaged by the nature of the work which he subsequently carried out in Dublin, Cork, Liverpool and London.

McDermott made his appearance in Dublin early in February, 1883. He paid visits to the offices of the National League and *United Ireland*, representing himself as a special correspondent for the Brooklyn *Daily Argus*. He produced a letter signed by "Linn Palmer," authorizing the bearer to represent his paper in Europe in the capacity of special correspondent. McDermott also intimated to those whom he met during his stay in Dublin that he was, in reality, the agent of O'Donovan Rossa and his party, and was over in Ireland on "a visit to the boys." His talk went chiefly on the futility of parliamentary agitation. He believed in the policy of "striking terror" into the enemy. "Dynamite and nothing else would bring John Bull to his knees." And so on. This kind of talk aroused the suspicion of some of the persons to whom he succeeded in getting introduced while in Dublin, and a watch was set upon his movements.

At this period, near the end of February, 1883, Mr. T. M. Healy, M.P., and Mr. Michael Davitt were in Richmond prison, undergoing a sentence of six months. The law of his late majesty King Edward III. had been invoked by Dublin Castle in order to deal with speeches which these gentlemen had delivered a short time previously. The accused were bound over to keep the peace, or, in default, to be imprisoned for six months. They accepted the sentence in preference to an acknowledgment of any guilt in the exercise of their right of free speech.

One day a person called at the prison and requested an interview with Mr. Davitt, who was in his friend's cell when the warder brought in the stranger's card. On it was the name of "James McDermott." Mr. Davitt, who knew something of "Red Jim's" record, exclaimed to Mr. Healy that the most consummate scoundrel ever educated in the haunts of New York vice could not be in Ireland for any good purpose, and that he was evidently seeking this interview for some sinister object. They, however, resolved to see him, and descended to the reception room. Chief Warder Murphy ushered McDermott into the apartment, and Mr. Davitt asked the warder to remain. McDermott introduced himself as an American journalist, anxious to interview Mr. Healy and Mr. Davitt upon matters of interest to Irish America. He said he would talk to Mr. Davitt on that day, and come again on the next day for a conversation with Mr. Healy. He then began to laud Joe Brady and the Invincibles, and to denounce Earl Spencer as "a tyrant who ought to be shot, if he got his deserts." On this Mr. Davitt cut him short by declaring he objected to his ten to talk of that kind, and he intimated, by calling the chief warder, that the "interview" was at an end. McDermott, nothing abashed, left, saying he would call on the morrow to see Mr. Healy. Mr. Davitt and Mr. Healy instructed the chief warder that the visitor who had just left was not to be admitted again to see either of them, as he was evidently engaged in some work which boded no good to the country.

The watch that had been set upon McDermott by persons who had suspected him from the first, traced him on the night of that interview at Richmond prison to Mr. Jenkinson's office in Dublin Castle.

A few nights subsequently he was arrested by the police in College street, Dublin, for being drunk and abusing the police, and he was taken to the cells. On being searched a number of letters were found in his possession. [They were obtained from Rossa and others under false pretenses].

* * * * * * *

McDermott next made his appearance in Cork. This would be about the end of February, or early in March, 1883. He put up at the Imperial hotel in that city. He had several interviews with the late Capt. Plunkett, R.M., who was then in charge of the city and county of Cork, under the provisions of the Coercion Act of the period. Among the few men upon whom McDermott called in Cork—men suspected of Fenian proclivities—was one named Fetherston. McDermott introduced himself as an accredited agent from O'Donovan Rossa, introducing Rossa's card. He declared he was commissioned to establish dynamite societies in Cork, Kerry, Dublin, Liverpool, Glasgow and London. He was asked if Rossa had provided funds for this work? McDermott answered, "No!" adding, "Rossa has not a cent, but I have friends who are good for any amount of financial aid if I can only get the men to do the work required." He was taken to see some of Fetherston's friends, to whom he spoke in the same strain, averring on each occasion that he was in Ireland to carry out the mission entrusted to him by Rossa and his party in America.

He left Cork for London, promising to come back with "money and stuff."

In about three weeks' time he returned to Cork, and called again on Fetherston, with whom was a man named Deasy. McDermott declared that he had laid the plans and supplied the dynamite which resulted in the explosion at the local government offices in London a few days previously.

He produced a document which contained directions for the making of nitro-glycerine, and got one of his dupes write out two copies. Fetherston, who was a weak, under witted creature, was the one upon whom McDermott fastened himself most. He was led to believe that an "ex Chevalier of St. Sylvester," with the command of unlimited funds, was some conspicuous Fenian leader from America, with whom it was an honor to be associated. McDermott induced Fetherston to call "a meeting of the boys," as he was anxious to address "men who could be relied upon to do stern work." Some six or eight of Fetherston's friends assembled to meet "Rossa's delegate." McDermott made a speech advocating the blowing up of Spike Island prison and Haulbowline government stores, and declared that he was prepared to give £100 to any man who would poison Capt. Plunkett. He told the meeting that he had been in Liverpool, as well as in London, since he was last in Cork, and that something would soon be heard from the former city which would create a bigger sensation than the explosions at the local government board offices in London.

The following day he told Fetherston and Deasy that a box of nitro glycerine was required to be sent to "the boys in Liverpool," who were about to blow up St. George's Hall. Deasy, a man about equal to Fetherston in intellectual calibre and judgment, and who, like Fetherston, believed McDermott to be a rich and powerful personage from America, was induced by McDermott to accompany the box. The box was forwarded by steamer to Liverpool, but Deasy, through some mishap, did not go by the same boat. The police at Liverpool, informed by McDermott of what was going on, searched the vessel and found the nitro glycerine. Notwithstanding this incident, Deasy was actually persuaded by McDermott to leave with another consignment of nitro glycerine for Liverpool. He agreed to go, and took with him from McDermott a note to one Flannagan, of Liverpool, to this effect—"This is Mr. Deasy, a good man, and the person who brings you what you want." The note was signed in Fetherston's name, but was written by McDermott, and it was the finding of this document on Deasy which led to the arrests of Flannagan in Liverpool, and Fetherston in Cork, and to their subsequent conviction and imprisonment. Upon Fetherston was found, when arrested, a copy of the directions for making Greek fire which McDermott had given to him on the occasion of their first interview. Other men with whom McDermott had been brought into contact by Fetherston and Deasy in Cork were arrested also.

After having ensnared Deasy and Flannahan in Liverpool, and Fetherston, O'Herlihy, Morgan, and Carmody in Cork, McDermott turned his steps again toward London. He sought out a man named O'Connor, who lived at 2 Eaton place, Fulham road, and whose address he had got from Fetherston. He introduced himself to O'Connor, and played the same confidence trick as had been practiced upon his Cork and Liverpool dupes. A recipe for the manufacture of fulminate of mercury was given to O'Connor, along with some detonators, and he was told that "work would shortly be done" that would "strike terror into the enemy." McDermott introduced O'Connor to a man named Lynch, who was represented as "a leader from America." Lynch, McDermott and O'Connor paid promenading visits to Westminster bridge, from whence McDermott pointed out where dynamite could be so placed as to bring down the whole structure.

At this period McDermott wrote to the home office offering information that would lead to the detection of a gang of American dynamiters, and demanding £10,000 as the price of their capture. The letter in which this offer was made should be in existence. That it was written is as certain as that the writer of these articles met James McDermott a few weeks ago here in London, and learned from him some of the information which we are now giving to the public, with the view of calling attention to the case of McDermott's victims whom he consigned to penal servitude. This letter must be somewhere in the archives of the Secret Service Department of the home office.

On the 5th of April, 1883, four men were arrested in London. Their names were Norman, Wilson, Gallagher, and Dalton. Another man who gave the name of Whitehead was captured in Birmingham. "Norman" had been met at Euston by Inspector Langrish, who saw the prisoner arrive from Birmingham. He took a four-wheel cab, and had a black box put on top. He drove to the Beaufort hotel, Southampton street, followed by Langrish. He was arrested next morning, and the black box was taken away to be searched. It contained dynamite. "Norman" told the police that he had been sent to Birmingham for the box by a "Mr. Fletcher," and produced a telegram which was addressed to him at Edwards' hotel, Euston square, signed "Fletcher."

We must now turn to the other two men who were arrested at the same time as "Norman" and Dalton, but at another address. Inspector Littlechild went to No. 17 Nelson square, Blackfriars Bridge, on the date of "Norman's" arrest, and there arrested two men, one named Wilson, the other Gallagher. In the room a quantity of dynamite ingredients were found. This dynamite was brought there by "Norman" a few days before April 5, the date on which he was arrested with the black box of dynamite at Euston station. Both lots came from Birmingham. Gallagher gave the name of "Fletcher," and it was ascertained that he had been staying for a few days at the Charingcross hotel. A large sum of money was found in his possession, but no explosives.

These are the facts of the arrests on April 5, 1883. A few words more in this connection will throw some light upon these particular dynamite plots.

"Norman" left New York for London at or about the same time as Gallagher and Wilson took their departure. McDermott had crossed a few weeks previously, and had made Cork the chief basis of his operations, in the manner we have related. "Norman," whose real name was Lynch, was an ex Pinkerton detective who had joined some Fenian circles in New York, with the view of turning what information he might thereby obtain to account. He had learned that Gallagher, Wilson, and another were about to start for London on what was supposed to be a "mission," and he resolved to cross over too. He met McDermott in London, and was introduced by the latter to "Dalton," whose real name was O'Connor, to whom McDermott got a letter of introduction from Fetherston, of Cork. "Norman" or Lynch met Wilson in London on his arrival, and learned from him that Gallagher was staying at the Charingcross hotel, under the name of "Fletcher." McDermott was informed by Lynch of this, and their plans were laid accordingly. They believed that Gallagher and Wilson were contemplating the use of dynamite. Lynch was provided by McDermott with funds, and nitro glycerine was procured in Birmingham and taken to Wilson's lodgings at 17 Nelson square, by Lynch. Meanwhile, McDermott had given the detonators to Dalton or O'Connor. Lynch was despatched again to Birmingham. McDermott wired to him in the name of "Fletcher," Gallagher's name at the Charingcross hotel, just as he had written to Flannagan, of Liverpool, in the name of Fetherston, and the arrests of April 5 were planned.

After the preliminary examination at Bow street, McDermott was allowed to visit Lynch in prison. Lynch appeared as a crown witness against Gallagher, Wilson, Dalton, and Whitehead at the trial in the Old Bailey on June 15. They were each sentenced to penal servitude for life. Lynch was, of course, released and rewarded. McDermott boasted in Paris a month following these trials that he had just come in for a fortune of £5,000.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE POLICE OF TIPPERARY.

BY THOMAS S. CLEARY.

"Say, what's the Colonel goin' to do?" asked Follis on Parade.

"To keep himself within the law," the Actin'-Sargint said.

"And what is there for us to do?" asked Follis on Parade.

"To do just as we plase ourselves," the Actin'-Sargint said.

"For we shot thim down in Mitchelstown;
we bate thim in Fermoy;
We laid thim low in Kanis, and this blessed day, me boy,
Whin you an' I are done with thim, begob,
I wish thim joy
Of their beautiful new town of Tipperary.

"An' who are thim ye spake of now?" asked Follis on Parade.

"Our kith and kin an' counthrymin," the Actin' Sargint said.

"An' wouldn't that be murtherous?" asked Follis on Parade.

"No, not when they're campaigners, lad," the Actin'-Sargint said.

"For they've opened Tipperary; but we'll do some openin', too,
An many a skull will open if it comes nigh me or you.
So get your baton ready, for there's work for us to do
At the coorthouse gates today in Tipperary."

"Will we mallevogue the sthrangers?" asked Follis on Parade.

"I see no sthrangers here, me lad," the Actin'-Sargint said.

"I'm tould there is a few of thim," said Follis on Parade.

"Thin, what the devil brought thim here?" the Actin'-Sargint said.

"But still, me lad, you'll have to thry an' wise discriminate;
It makes a mighty diff'rence in the people that we bate;
The Colonel is too cute a fox, that every-wan he'd thrate
To equal rations here in Tipperary."

"Bedad, I don't know what to do," said Follis on Parade.

"You'll never larn it younger, lad," the Actin'-Sargint said.

"I'll hit the first that's near me hand," said Follis on Parade.

"About the best and safest rule," the Actin'-Sargint said.

"But if an Irish mimber or a priest comes on your thrack,
For Glory's sake, be sure an' land a most infernal whack;
While if an English statesman comes, just modestly fall back,
And purtind we're only gaums in Tipperary.'

"And what'll be the consequence?" asked Follis on Parade.

"Leave that to Mr. Balfour, lad," the Actin'-Sargint said.

"But won't they find the truth out soon?" asked Follis on Parade.

"Pshaw! *he* can lie down any truth," the Actin'-Sargint said.

"So baton straight in front of ye, and bate left and right;
Remember that you're acting straight in Col. Caddell's sight,
And when he writes to Shannon he'll record our martial might,
Sayin' 'We batoned thim like hell in Tipperary.'"

—*United Ireland.*

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GALWAY BAY.

The Noble Scenery that Skirts the Noble, but now Desolate, Grand Sea Entrance of Ireland.

Columbkille's Prophecy—"Athenry Was; Dublin Is; Arran Will Be"—Project of an Irish Ship Canal.

THE ARRAN ISLES.

Coming up to the matron every now and again for a few pleasant words and a boyish laugh was the father of the family party. A tall, thin, sunburnt man, who looked as if he had not yet done growing; ten times merrier and more light-hearted than his big sons, who were at his heels everywhere. He was at the heels of all the children on board; joking with the boys, petting the little girls, and making them all happy, himself the happiest lad of the lot—he took my heart at once. "Come here, Emmet, my boy," he said, "I'll make you happy by letting you sit beside this nice lady." Poor Emmet, a hobble de hoy at the shyest age, disappeared as if shot, down the cabin stairs, while his father laughed gleefully. "Emmet—does Mr. ——— call his son after Robert Emmet?" I asked our matron. She said yes, and told me the whole history of the gentleman, her brother in law. This gentleman bears the name and is the direct descendant of one of the Tribes of Galway, and yet this descendant of such anti-Irish forefathers is one of the most loyal—in the true sense—Irishmen one could meet with on the whole green isle. He was an eldest son, and consequently his father's heir, but in his early boyhood circumstances forced him to leave his home, and, when only 14 years old, he set out to win his way alone in America. There and in other countries he worked his way on to manhood, when he paid one visit to his native place—to marry an Irish wife. With his Irish wife he returned to America, but such was their love for the old country that, no matter where they went, they kept up

THE IRISH TONGUE.

Every son but one that was born—six of them—was named after an Irish patriot: Emmet, Gratian, Edward Fitzgerald, Sarsfield, O'Connell, and, in memory of the land of their adoption, George Washington, after America's greatest patriot. All these boys, born and reared in distant America, speak their own tongue as fluently as if brought up in the heart of Connemara, so that when their father at last inherited his property in the county Galway, the whole family came home ready to take their places as real, genuine natives as if they had never spent an hour away from the old land.

As our matron finished the story of her brother in-law's life, she started off to look to the comfort of some one she fancied must want refreshment, and, coming back laughing shortly after, said, "It would do you good to see Robert; there he is, in the cabin, all sorts of good things spread out, and about two dozen children around him as happy as ever they can be!"

A strangely diversified collection of about three hundred people were on board, all in good humor, now the first formality had worn off. There appeared to be only about half a dozen lofty souls who were not ready to talk with anybody who happened to be nearest. For my part, I made friends with all the "cute an' sinsible" old farmers, in grey frieze swallow tails, knee breeches and blue stockings, well knowing that not one of the more pretentious or stylish folks on board could give half the valuable information my old farmers could about the places we were passing as we steamed slowly and leisurely along the bay. One tight, thriving looking man really surprised some of my acquaintances who, first attracted and amused by our apparently oddly assorted friendship, remained in pleased surprise to enjoy the varied and deeply interesting information that it seemed to delight the old man to entertain us with. I happened to ask him the name of a place on the coast that we were passing—

SPIDDAL.

Then a word or two, a few more questions, and he went from place to place, from subject to subject, speaking with a simple, intelligent eloquence that many a man of pretentions to high education might copy with advantage. He told me the curious history of the formation of Galway Bay, as it is related in old Irish annals.

In the year of the world 1969 there were but three large lakes in all Ireland—Lough Fiordream, near Tralee, in Kerry; Finloch, now called Lough Carra, in the county Mayo; and Lough Lurgan, a great lake between Clare and West Connacht, to the south of Galway and extending far toward's the west. This lake was what is now the Bay of Galway, which was, in those ancient times, separated from the ocean by powerful banks of granite, until the sea, bursting over them and flowing into the waters of the lake, formed the bay, leaving above the ocean only the Islands of Arran, which were the heights of the rocky chain submerged by the Atlantic. And thus was formed the glorious bay which look so lovely in the brilliant sunlight that had by this time burst over the whole beauteous scene. The immense, almost land-locked bay, thirty miles in length; the ever varying beauty of Connemara on one side, the extraordinary chain of naked granite mountains close to us on the other, for we coasted Clare in order to call at Ballyvaughan, letting passengers land there for Lisdoonvarna Spa, and taking on board excursionists for the Arran Isles.

Never have I beheld such coast scenery as that of Connemara. The endless variety of form and size, and the exquisite transparent coloring of the mountains that seem to rise in piles, behind, beyond, and above each other, like the grouping of clouds, is indescribably lovely; lovely also is the extraordinary transparent blue of the Twelve Pins of Binabola and of the Killeries, as the light seemed almost to flow down their steep sides. As seen from the bay the effect of the light and air is one of the most exquisite that can be imagined: I can only explain the effect as being that of mountains actually composed of electric light. As we leaned over the side of the steamer, gazing at this lovely scene, my farmer pointed out each mountain that he knew in Connemara. The Killeries, where, he said, the people still hold their patterns, and, when the night closes in and tent fires are slight, the people crowd round a number of old women who spend the night long repeating, in Irish, history, poems, and legends which have been handed down from generation to generation.

I inquired what was my farmer's opinion about the often debated question of a ship's canal right through Ireland,

FROM DUBLIN TO GALWAY.

thus opening up the country, inducing the inhabitants to drain and cultivate the bogs, and bringing commerce along the line of now desolate land by opening a way for the shipping to pass to and from America. "It will never be, I'm afeard," he said; "it's too costly, for one thing, and for another, t'would keep too many of the Americans out of England if they could come here so easy. An' yet, sure enough, you remind me that there's an ancient prophecy that says—'Atheanrigh *bi*—Atchliath *ta*—Auran *bied:* that is," he explained, "Athenrigh *was*, Dublin *is*, and Arran *will be* the capital. That, now, is curious! For there's Arran right there next America, an' that's one of St. Columbcille's real prophecies. An' many a thing he told would come to pass that people in them days thought him mad for talking of. He foretold that the news of the world 'ed be running along on the tops of sticks; well, now people's eyes are opened, an' they know he meant the telegraph poles. Yes, indeed."

Here our conversation was interrupted by our arrival at and my curiosity to see Ballyvaughan, of which, it being mostly round a corner and a good way off, I saw but little, that little including, I grieve to say, a very big poorhouse for such a little place. It was very entertaining to watch the arrivals and departures. There were the master and his wife and all the boys of the Erasmus Smith's grammar school—all setting off in the glee, and the noise and the bliss, that but few schoolboys can attain. They were going to have a glorious scramble somewhere, and I half longed to go. To my delight we landed—and joy be with her!—the cross woman with the dog. I was and am certain she was Mrs. Grundy, for, from the moment we saw the last of her and steamed out from Ballyvaughan, any shadow of constraint that yet hung over the excursionists vanished, and one and all were happy as school boys and school girls out for a holiday. We did not land any more passengers at the resting point, but we took in crowds; I do not know how they found room, but crowds came on board, with hampers enough to make all our minds easy in case of having to stay out at sea from bad weather.

I LOST MY FIRST OLD MAN

in the confusion, but found another just as kindly, as ready to talk and explain to me the nature of those hard truths which I had often read of and had seen something of since coming to the west, but only now realized in their full nakedness. Here, at Ballyvaughan, I was for the first time close upon the bare stone mountains which look so silvery and bright in the enchantment of distance, but which, when you come face to face with them, and with the remembrance that human beings have to get bread out of them, are terribly hard facts. There they rise, miles and miles of stone, glittering in the sun, and only relieved by curious black, irregular linings which seam the surface like the lines on a map. "What are those black lines?" I enquired of farmer Number Two. "Those are the mearens, or divisions, of each man's land," he answered. "Land!" I said; "I see no land beyond the rich strip along shore; there is no 'land' on all those mountains." "Well," said he, "no more there is, but in the cracks of the rocks, where the sun has split them, there grows tufts of short grass, and them are the sweetest pickings at all for sheep and goats, but it takes a long stretch to feed a sheep." I looked my best, but could see no living thing on the vast rock before me for miles. "And people pay rent for that?" "Aye, do they," he replied, "pay rent—an' starve—an' die."

The farmer pointed out the route to Lisdoonvarna, to get to which the mountain called "Corkscrew Hill" has to be scaled, the way winding up and around the mountain after the fashion of the implement from which the hill takes its name, for in no other way could the ascent be made, so steep is the mountain: it is just, the man said, "like climbing up a winding stairs." "I once kilt myself," he continued, "mounting to the top of that big hill opposite, and wasn't I sold entirely when I got there, thinking to see the world an' all beyond, an' not a thing could I see but another mountain, still bigger, before me. There is Arran in sight now."

—*Mary Banim in the Dublin Freeman.*

ATHLETICS IN IRELAND.

A very important meeting in connection with the All-Ireland Championships was held at Clonturk Park, Dublin, on the 5th inst. Champions from Dublin, Wexford, Kilkenny and Louth attended, and the result being two of the most exciting matches that could be witnessed. The first match was between the Blue and Whites of Wexford, and Ballyhale of Kilkenny. For twenty minutes there was no score on either side, the play being terribly fast and fierce. Ballyhale scored a point after a dashing bit of play. Wexford soon equalized the score. At this point Kilkenny, who commenced playing with only twenty men, decided to resign in favor of Wexford in consequence of a couple of their men meeting with accidents, consequently the referee (Mr. T. Lee, chairman Co. Dublin Committee) awarded the match to Wexford. The hurling match between Castlebridge and the C. J. Kickhams was a most brilliant affair. The Wexford men hurling in the most brilliant fashion, eventually won by four goals and one point to one point. From the form shown by the Wexford hurling champions they are now established favorites for the All-Ireland honors.

The second round of the Wolf Tone tournament was continued at Kilcullen in the presence of a very large concourse of people.

Mountrice vs. Ballymore Eustace, Mountrice won the match by two points.

Sallins vs. Milltown, Sallins won.

The second ties for the bronze medals were played at Mountbellew on the 5th inst., Mountbellew vs. Creggs being the opponents in the first match, while Castleblakeney and Newbridge adjusted matters in the final. Mountbellow had eleven points to nil to its credit when time was called. In like manner the Castleblakeney team were similarly favored, they had one goal and three points (to their adversaries nil) to their credit.

THE IRISH LANGUAGE.

[*To the Editor.*]

CHICAGO, Ill., Oct. 20—The amount of good THE CITIZEN is doing for the Irish language cause may be judged by the following letter which I received from an entire stranger a few weeks ago:

"RAYMOND P.O., BLACKHAWK CO., Iowa.—*Mr. Maurice Crean, Chicago, Dear Sir:* I send you the enclosed book, which please publish in the patriotic paper in which your name so frequently appears coupled with many beautiful specimens of Gaelic composition. THE CITIZEN is worthy of all praise for its efforts in behalf of the language of our bards and for keeping alive the grand melodies of ancient Ireland. I would suggest that the various Gaelic Athletic Clubs of your patriotic city should spend the approaching winter under your instruction, in order to acquire a knowledge of the language of their ancestors. Yours, in the brotherhood of the Gaelic tongue, P. M. O'KEEFFE."

In compliance with Mr. O'Keeffe's request I have been publishing weekly instalments of the book referred to in THE CITIZEN. The title of the work is as follows: "Mediae noctis consilium. Auctore Briano MacGilla Meidhre, de Comitatu Clarensi in Momonia A.D. 1780. Poema Heroico Comicum quo nihil aut magis gracile, aut Poeticum, aut magis abundans in hodierno Hiberniae idiomati excoecit." Translation: "The midnight council; an heroic comic poem, than which exists in Irish Gaelic literature nothing more graphic, poetical, or so abundant in the daily idiom of the Irish people." By Brian Macgilla Meidhre, of the county of Clare, in Munster, A.D. 1780.

As to the suggestion in the concluding paragraph of Mr. O'Keeffe's letter I would hereby invite all Gaelic Athletic clubs of Chicago to meet me at my residence, No. 106 Twenty fourth street, near Indiana avenue, on Sunday next at 2 p.m., in order to form a Gaelic Class; and will agree that before next May all the members will be able to read the three primers and Burke's Irish Lessons. By attention to their studies I will further engage that in less than twelve months the class can read the writings of that greatest of athletes—Ossian, whose immortal epic poem, "Temora," was sought to be stolen by Macpherson, the Scotch literary pirate. In his argument with St. Patrick, while yet a pagan, Ossian the poet and hero said:

"Dá bh-feicfain-sí Oscar 's Dia,
Lámh air lámh air pháire na Sh-fiann,
Dá bh-feicfain-sí Oscar air iár,
Diarfhin-sí, as sin, gur far láidir Dia."

"If I should see Oscar and God
Hand to hand on the Fenian field;
If my son Oscar were thrown on the sod,
My faith to your powerful God would yield."

And Ossian was a poet, a hero, an athlete; and was not ashamed to speak his native language. MAURICE CREAN.

MATRIMONIAL.

RYAN—DUNNE.

A very pleasant wedding was celebrated at the church of St. Columbkille on the 16th inst. The contracting parties were Mr. William Ryan, of No. 18 Union Park place (formerly of Kilkenny, Ireland), and Miss Alice Dunne, of Chicago. The ceremony was performed by Rev. Fr. Burke. The bridesmaid was Miss Katie Dunne, sister to the bride, and the groomsman was Mr. P. Begley. The bride was the recipient of several handsome presents. The happy couple left for St. Joe, Mo., in the afternoon, on their wedding tour.

Big Damages.

Mrs. Mary Lawlor recovered $5,000 damages from the city last week because of injuries received on a defective sidewalk. The case was tried before Judge Baker, and the attorneys were Windes and Sullivan.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf.

WITH Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain or dread and with perfect safety. Try the remedy. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils, and gives relief with the first application. Price 50c.

THE

SHAN VAN VOCHT:

A STORY OF THE

United Irishmen.

BY JAMES MURPHY

Author of "Hugh Roach, the Ribbonman," "Ulic Fitzmaurice," "The Fortunes of Maurice O'Donnell," "Nollie, or the Last Treasure," "The Forge of Clohogue," Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XII.

SUSPENSE.

The wonder and anguish of the girls grew and grew as a day passed over, a second day, and a third day, without Redmond's turning up.

Each successive day diminished the belief, that Helen entertained, of his having gone to the country.

On the fourth day, early in the morning, Mortimer undertook to ride down to the place in Kildare to look for him, being actuated thereto, as he said, by the agony of suspense which had grown up in Helen's breast. Inquiries had been made about Redmond in Dublin, but at none of the places where he had been accustomed to call had he put in an appearance.

At one place only had he been seen—at the Eagle in Eustace street. There was no one with him there answering at all to the description of Eugene. Friends and acquaintances he had among the members of parliament assembled in Dublin, and who were wont to spend an evening at this great resort of country gentlemen; but the most minute inquiries among these failed to acquire a knowledge of his coming or going. In the numbers of young gentlemen who were accustomed to come to the metropolis—the great centre of attraction at that time in Ireland, the tendency to go to London not having then taken hold of the Irish people—and who spent their gay time between the theatres and fashionable resorts, it would be out of the question to pay attention to anyone in particular, or, indeed, to single him out from among the crowds of wealthy young habitues.

Helen's heart was overwhelmed with suspense; but when Mortimer returned from Kildare, in company with one of her cousins, with the news that he had not been there, her anguish and agony knew no bounds. Indeed, the friends in the country were not less surprised than she was, and, thus in their anxiety, had dispatched one of their number to come to Seamore and see what way matters stood.

At a little family council that evening in Seamore it was determined— and Mortimer undertook—to put the authorities at the Castle in motion concerning him.

Various surmises were entertained as to where he had gone, but the only tangible one—the only one that was not based on the airiest conjectures—was that which set him down as having departed on some secret errand with Eugene. Were it not for this, and this alone, Helen's heart would fairly have broken with the feeling of dread and uncertainty and suspense which filled it.

At times she buoyed herself up with the hope that this was the case. But when she came to examine the matter her heart again sank into seas of woe. He had never departed that night, had he been with Eugene, without acquainting her of his intention. No inducement would have led him to leave her in such uncertainty. And then, again, was not Eugene alone when he came? In his letter there was not a breathed word about Redmond—nothing that could give even the most unreliable color to the belief that they had departed together.

The terror of being alone—of losing the only one guide that she had in the world—was driving poor Helen into a state of agony that was indescribable.

What had become of Redmond? That was the question that unceasingly passed through her thoughts. Had he been secretly conveyed away or imprisoned—or, oh, merciful heavens! had he been drowned or murdered?

There was more in the latter idea than might be thought. In those remote days—though not quite a hundred years ago—Dublin was but scantily lighted. The quay walls had not been built—or were but partially built. The stalwart array of policemen, who now guard the streets whilst its inmates are sleeping, had for their predecessors the old infirm "Charlies"—not unlike the celebrated watchmen of Limerick—who generally managed to hide themselves when an outburst in the dark street, not at all infrequent, indicated a murderous brawl.

All these things smote in a vague way on her tortured mind.

Meanwhile, in some way, Moya's strange talk on the evening of their ride home occurred to her, and, taking fast hold of her thoughts, became associated with her fears and terrors.

As she sat at the table absently listening to the subdued conversation around her, she suddenly fixed on a resolution. She would go and see Moya—see her that very night. *She* would throw some light—Helen felt sure she would—on the mysteries that were surrounding her. Helen always, though laughingly joking at the old woman's dozed prophecies, had yet, like an impressionable girl, a furtive belief in them. Her half belief was now changing into an entire one. The old crone's mysterious hints on that evening evidently had reference to the present troubles. What if she could throw light on the present mysteries? What if she could tell where Redmond was, or what had become of him? More unlikely things had happened.

Helen's resolution was taken. She would that night proceed to the hut by the seaside, and see the old woman and interview her. It was an unusual thing for a girl in her position to do, but the circumstances were unusual, and Redmond's fate—nay, perhaps his life—hung in the balance.

That night, when Mortimer had proceeded to town to prosecute searches and set the authorities in motion, and when Kate Howard had retired in disconsolate sorrow to her room, Helen, drying her burning tears and wrapping herself in her cloak, let herself out noiselessly, and, opening the wicket doors that gave ingress and egress to the orchard, passed across the scrubby sheepwalks that led in the direction of the old woman's hut.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE MIDNIGHT VISIT

Helen Barrington knew very well that she was sure to find the old fortune teller up. Often, when driving with her father and brother on their way from the theatre late, she had wondered to see the light burning in the old woman's window. Redmond, out with his yacht at night at sea had often remarked when coming home, the uncanny look her solitary candle or rushlight in the dim darkness had. He always said it looked like an omen of evil. The fishermen, coming in at or before daybreak of winter nights, used to say when they saw it, "Old Moya's reading the cards yet," or, "it must be the devil that's keeping company with Moya, else she wouldn't be up so late."

All this Helen thought of them—assuring enough as to the chances of finding her up, but far from assuring in other respects.

In truth, the farther she left her home behind her, and the nearer she came to the old crone's den, the more her heart failed her. She was in a tremble of terror, yet she bravely kept on. Unheeding the coarse whins, whose long ragged arms now and then sent a new shiver of fear over her—so like ghosts did they seem to her—she pursued her way with trembling courage, wishing to see the light in Moya's window, and yet fearing to see it. And when at last it did become visible—like the bale fire of some evil genius—her courage seemed suddenly to give way, her knees bent under her, thick mists seemed to rise before her eyes, and she felt as if she were about to swoon.

She made an effort to bless herself with the little gold cross that hung suspended over her breast, and recovered courage.

"It is for Redmond—for poor Redmond's safety," she said to herself to strengthen her beating heart, and once more moved forward along the sheep track so fearfully sentinelled on either side by the ghostlike waving arms of the rugged whins. Her hands were scratched and torn with them, and her face smarted under the pain they inflicted when they rebent as she passed; but, unheeding either, she breathlessly hurried along—hurried to give herself no time for thinking or faintheartedness.

She was running a race with her fears, and at any moment they might overtake her and beat down her resolution!

She dropped upon her knees as she came in sight of the half closed door of hut, through which a faint light shone. It seemed to her now as if something unholy and wrong was the object of her mission. She tried to offer up a prayer as well as her disconnected thoughts would allow her, and bent her head in fervency of the words that placed her under the protection of the Queen of Sorrows.

She raised her head and was about standing up when a cry arose to her lips—but died thereon. For passing out through the opened door, and between her and the light, came a form that she recognized in a moment. She could hardly be mistaken. It was that of Trevor Mortimer! Her eyes had lighted upon it for a moment in the brief space whilst the form was passing from the light into the thick darkness beyond it—for a moment merely—but she felt sure it was he.

"What could have brought him there?" she thought in wonderment so excessive that it banished her previous fears. "What had brought him there? He had set out from Seamore with the intention of going to the city direct. Did he know Moya, and if so how and why? Or had he been possessed by the thoughts that actuated herself, and, believing in the old fortune teller's powers, had come to test them in Redmond's behoof? There was nothing more likely. It was what a kindly, thoughtful, high spirited man would do in the interests of his friend."

Helen's heart rose within her, and, with less trepidation than she had yet shown or felt, she moved forwrrd to the door—opened it gently, and entered.

The fortune teller was sitting on a low boss or straw seat in front of the fire that burned on the hearth. The room was full of smoke, and through the haze Helen could see her but dimly, as she crouched rather than sat, with her head bent down upon her knees.

"Moya!"

She called softly, for her motion entering was so noiseless, that her light footfall disturbed not the attention of the old hag. Nor did her name, now called.

"Moya!"

This time the strange voice struck on the old woman's ear. She started up in alarm, startled by the unexpected call; and as she did so a quantity of coin that she had evidently been counting, fell to the ground with a jingling noise.

"Who's that? Who's there?" she cried fiercely, as raising her beast form, she turned her bleared eyes in the direction of the visitor.

"It is I, Moya—Helen Barrington," said the latter deprecatingly.

"And what brings you here this hour of the night, Helen Barrington?" shrieked the hag still wrathfully.

"I came to talk with you, Moya—good Moya," said Helen pleadingly. "I want your advice."

"Advice!" jibed the hag. "Advice! Helen Barrington, that always laughed at Moya's advice, comes now in the dark hours of the night to seek it!"

"I am in trouble, Moya—in great trouble—and—and I think you would help me. If you can, Moya—for the love of heaven!—do."

The old woman stared at the slender form of the young girl, standing on the floor before her, for some time without speaking.

"Sit down!" she said at last, motioning her to a seat somewhat similar to the one she had arisen from herself, but higher.

Her words were so almost menacing that the young girl, though instinctively disliking to sit in the smoking cabin, was fain to do so.

"What trouble are you in?"

"Moya, Redmond went into the city with a friend——"

"Aye, the Frenchman! I know. A good companion he had," said the woman sneeringly.

"Did you know him, Moya?" asked Helen, the train of her thoughts entirely disconcerted by this remark.

"Did I know him?" hissed the hag. "Did I know his father before him? Aye, and others had cause to know him. Bad; seed and breed—all bad."

"Not Eugene, Moya. Good Moya! not Eugene, I hope."

"Not Eugene!" repeated in mocking terms the fortune teller. "Not Eugene! not Eugene, with his hands red with blood!"

"With blood!" cried Helen, her indignation for the moment getting the better of her fears. "You are mistaken, Moya, his hand and his heart were as innocent as my own."

"Do you tell me that in my own cabin? Do you tell me, who watched him skulking around here night after night until he found opportunity to strike a favored rival the coward's blow that would have been a murderer's but that his hand failed him, and heart too, at the last minit. Didn't I see him creep along, the knife in his hand, until——"

"Moya! Moya! for the love of the Blessed Virgin, who are you talking about? Who are you speaking of?" cried Helen, whose thoughts ran at once on Redmond.

"Who am I talking about? Who were you talking about? Your Frenchman! Who else? Didn't I see him follow him——"

"Follow whom, Moya?" asked Helen faintly, her heart in her throat.

"Who? Sir Trevor Mortimer. Follow him—as the ferret glides behind the rabbit—until he got near enough to strike him, and it wasn't the fault of his black heart but of his weak arm that he did not creep into your house that night a murderer in deed as well as in intention."

"Moya," said the girl with an intention of rising to her feet, but her knees refused to lend her aid—"Moya, you must have been mistaken. He could not do such a thing. It is utterly impossible."

"Impossible! Whose knife was found—whose dagger did it? Tell me that!"

"It was his—but he lost it, and somebody, who found it made use of it, and with it struck the blow."

"Somebody who found it!" she cried exultingly. "Poor deceived girl! You were harboring a monster in your house. Where is he now?"

"I don't know, Moya; he went away suddenly."

"To be sure he did, because *he* knew *I* knew who struck the blow. And because I knew other things as well. Who went with him?"

"Redmond went into the city with him, Moya, and——"

"And where is *he* now?"

"I don't know, Moya," said the afflicted girl, bursting into a flood of tears, but with the agony and fears that were twining themselves, like serpents, around her heart—around her heart as if they would crush the life thereout. "He never came back since that night. It was of him I came to speak to you!"

"You don't know where *he* is. Maybe I know."

"Oh, Moya, if you do, for the love of the good God that sees and knows all things, tell me! Tell me, for the life is scarcely in me with fear, and terror, and suspense! Oh, Moya, if there was ever anyone that was dear to you, for their remembrance and sake—tell me."

She placed her hands entreatingly on the woman's shoulder, and, bending over to her, her head came much closer than before. Wherefore, when the old fortune teller turned her eyes up to her entreating face, they seemed to Helen like the flashing eyes of a wild beast: and she withdrew her hands and head in dire affright.

"Where is he? Where would he be, d'ye think? Helen Barrington, when you threw off the old love that you knew and trusted, and that loved you dearly, an' took up with the one that crept out of the sea and kem into your house, no one knew how but one' you brought trouble an' sorra on yourself, an' you brought ruin on your brother. Redmond Barrington is in the mud of Dublin Bay—dead and drowned, an' food for the eels—an' 'twas the Frenchman done it!—There!"

The cry that burst from Helen's lips might fairly have made her father's bones stir in the grave for the suffering of his daughter, or have brought his shrouded form to her rescue—so terrible, so intense was the agony it bore to the listening night. She made one or two unconscious efforts to rise, but failed; and, in doing so, fell fainting on her knees on the floor.

Moya was not unstartled by this occurrence, but she was still more startled when a step was heard on the threshold, a form strode into the apartment, and a cheery voice said:

"Well, old Moya! what's all this row? Frightening someone with your fortune telling—eh? Merciful Providence! What is this? Is this Miss Helen Barrington? God protect us! what could have brought her to your den?"

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

GAELIC POETRY.

Mediae Noctis Consilium

An Reim sgeal.

[LEANTA O'N T-SEACHT-MAIN SO CHUAIDH THART.]

Chonare mé 'n t-sigh-bhean mhíonladh, mhaorgadh,
Chumais na suighe air bhrúse an t-saor-chirt,
Chonare mé gárda láidir, luaimneach,
Iomadach, árdbacht, tarraingthe suas lé.
Chonare mé láithreach lán-teach líonta,
O mhullach go lár do mhúrá 's do dhaoine,
Chonare mé spéirbhean mhaorgadh, mhall-rosg,
Mhíls, bhog, bhéaltais, mhéiriag, mhealltach,
Thaithníomhach, rásta, thácach, fhíonn,
Na seasamh a náirde air chlár na míonn,
Bhí a gruaig le sgaoilte síos na slaodaibh,
'S buaireamh suighte fíor na féachaint,
Fuinneamh na radhare, 's faghairt na rúille,
'S fiuchadh le draighean uile aighais fúighthe.
A cúiut cá coag le loisgadh cléibhe,
Gan glog, ná tost, acht tocht dá traochadh,
Dob' fhursa a ráth gur bás budh rógha lé,
'S tuile gan tlás ag tál go trom lé.
Na seasamh air lár an chlátir na saighead,
A greada a lámh 'na fásgadh a laighear,
A nuair do gholl sí go foiciditheach, fíochmhar,
'S d'osgull osnaighe 's guthaidhe a cúiute,
Thiormaig a súile, 's dúbhairt mar 'neósad.
Mile fáilte! 's gárdas cléimh romhad,
Aoibhill, fháig-bhean ársadh, ón léith-chraig,
A shúilse an lae, 'na rae gan chuimse,
A shaidhbhrios saoghalta a ngéibheann daoirse,
A cheanasach, bhuadhach, o shluaighthibh aoibhnis,
Dob' easnamh mór tu d-Tuamhain 'sa d-tír loirc.
Cúis mo chúis, 's fáth mo chaointe,
Cúis do chrádhaig, 's d'fhág me cisoidhte,
Do bhuain dam threair, 's sheoil gan chiall me.
'S chaith mar chró me dóighte b-piantadh,
Na sluaighte mine gan chrích gan chaomhnadh,
Air fuaid na tíre d'fhíor-sgoith béithe,
Na g-cailleach dúbha gan cúmhdach céile,
Caite gan chlú, gan cionta claon-bheart.
Is aithne dham féin san méid so dham shiúbhaltadh,
Bean agus céad lár mhéinn le ó díditadh,
'S mise, na measg, mo chreach! mar thárladh,
D imthig am spaid gan fear, gan páiste.
Gan socar, gan seoid, gan rógh, gan fáth!
Go doilbh, duasach, duadhmhar, dítheach,
Gan codis, gan suan, gan suaimhneas oidhche,
Acht masiaighthe a m-buairt gan suaircas síate,
Air leabadh leamh-fhuar am shusthadh ag smaointe!

[LE BHEITH LEANTA.]

LATEST IRISH DEATHS.

GEARY—At St. Gregory's, Farnworth, near Bolton, Sept. 28, Rev. Michael Geary, eldest son of James Geary, Dromcolloher, county Limerick, in the 25 h year of his age and second of his sacred ministry.

HAYES—At his residence, Bridge street, Gort, Sept. 30, Patrick Hayes, aged 47 years.

M'CORMACK—At No. 143 North Strand road, Dublin, Oct. 3, Julia, beloved wife of Martin McCormack, late of Ballysodare, county Sligo.

COLL—At Bruff, Limerick, on Sept. 27, John Coll, aged 62.

HOLLAND—Timothy Holland, Greenville, aged 50 years.

SAUNDERS—In Upper Glasheen, John, eldest son of the late Michael Saunders, of Friar's Walk, Cork.

TWOMEY—At Gorrorough, Inniscarra, Sept. 24, Cornelius, son of the late Timothy Twomey, aged 33.

DONOVAN—At Leighlinbridge, county Carlow, Oct. 1, Kate, wife of Thomas Donovan, and mother of Rev. J. J. Donovan, C.C., Mountrath, in the 57th year of her age.

O'HARA—At Shinrone, King's county, Sept. 27, in the 65th year of her age, Margaret, relict of the late William O'Hara.

REYNOLDS—Sept. 28, Mary, aged 62, wife of the late Peter Reynolds, of Mohill, county Leitrim, and late of Belgravia House, Cheetham Hill, Manchester.

BALL—At the Convent of Mercy, Rathangan, Oct. 3, Elizabeth, youngest daughter of the late James Ball, Killallon, county Meath, (in religon Sister Mary Patrick).

COLLINS—At No. 5 Portland place, off Dorset street, Dublin, Oct. 5, Julia, wife of the late James Collins.

CURTIN—At Abbeyfeale, Sept. 3, James Charles Curtin, manager of the National Bank, and eldest son of the late Charles Joseph Curtin, M.D., Mallow.

FENELON—Oct. 5, Thomas Fenelon, Ballaghmore, Myshall, county Carlow.

RYAN—At Heath View Aughrim, Ballinasloe, Sept. 28, Owen Ryan, in his 51st year.

SEXTON—At her residence, Park road, Waterford, Oct. 4, Mary, widow of John Sexton, aged 74.

WALSH—At Eden Hill, Sligo, Oct. 3, Bridget Mary, wife of John Walsh.

CONWAY—At Moorpark street, Birr, on Oct. 7, Anne, wife of James Conway.

EVANS—At his mother's residence, Greystones, county Wicklow, Oct. 2, Edward Evans, aged 33

M'CABE—At the residence of her son, No. 14 Rosemount road, N.C.R, Oct. 8, Anne McCabe, relict of the late Peter McCabe, Castehill.

O'CONNELL—At Garniskey, Labasheeda, county Clare, Thomas O'Connell, in the 70 h year of his age.

BYRNE—At her aunt's residence, Drogheda street, Balbriggan, Oct. 6, Teresa Mary Byrne, aged 19.

CANTWELL—Oct. 7, Elizabeth Cantwell, sister of the late Peter Doyle, No. 13 Wood quay, Dublin.

COSTELLO—At his residence, Foster place, Tuam, James Costello, father of P. J. Costello, Clognansmore House, aged 73 years.

CURRAN—At the Hospital, Monkstown, Michael Curran.

DUHIG—At Uregare Cottage, Bruff, Oct. 2, Kate, wife of James Duhig.

GIBBS—At No. 41 North road, Drogheda, Oct. 6, Edward Gibbs.

M'DERMOTT—At his residence, Callingmartin, Donadea, Oct. 7, Patrick McDermott, aged 36.

PHELAN—At his residence, the Square, Ballyraggot, county Kilkenny, Oct. 3, J.P. Phelan.

POWDERLY—At Ardbraccan, county Meath, Oct. 6, Hugh Powderly, youngest son of the late Thomas Powderly, of Ardbraccan, aged 24.

POWER—At No. 2 Alma terrace, Monkstown, Dublin, Oct. 7, Rev. Thomas Power, late vicar of Kilree, diocese of Cashel, aged 77.

PECULIAR INFATUATION.

Different Methods of following the Injunction "Love One Another."

Do men ever fall in love with each other?

Women do. Not long ago a young woman in New Jersey was married to a youthful laborer on her father's farm. Sometime afterward it was discovered that the husband was a female; the young wife refused, however, though earnestly entreated by her friends, to give up her chosen consort. The strangest part of the dircovery was the fact that the bride knew her husband was a woman before she was led to the altar.

If men do not exhibit this strange infatuation for one of their own sex, they at least oftentimes give evidence of the fact that they love one another. There are many instances on record where one man has given his life for another. There are many more instances where men have given life to another.

It is a proud possession—the knowledge that one has saved a precious human life. Meriden, Conn., is the home of such a happy man. John H. Preston, of that city, July 11, 1890, writes: "Five years ago I was taken very sick, I had several of the best doctors, and one and all called it a complication of diseases. I was sick four years, taking prescriptions prescribed by these same doctors, and I truthfully state I never expected to get any better. At this time, I commenced to have the most terrible pains in my back. One day an old friend of mine, Mr. R. T. Cook, of the firm of Curtis & Cook, advised me to try Warner's Safe Cure, as he had been troubled the same way and it had effected a cure for him. I bought six bottles, took the medicine as directed and on to day a well man. I am sure no one ever had a worse case of kidney and liver trouble than I had. Before this I was always against proprietary medicines but now, oh, no."

Friendship expresses itself in very peculiar ways sometimes; but the true friend is the friend in need.

A GRAND COMBINATION.

Fast Time, Perfect Comfort, Absolute Safety.

These are the inducements offered the traveling public by the Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway, one of the youngest and beyond dispute one of the best railways upon the continent. Its Vestibuled Compartment Sleeping Cars, run on through trains, are marvels of elegance, and add to beauty and luxury perfect ventilation, making them the most desirable at all seasons of the year. The Dining Car service is fully up to the best standard, and the entire equipment of the trains of this road is new. W. R Busenbark, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Chicago, Ill.

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The Wisconsin Central and Northern Pacific lines run through Pullman Vestibuled and Colonist Sleepers between Chicago and Tacoma, Wash., and Portland, Ore. The train known as the "Pacific Express" leaves the Grand Central Passenger Station, at the corner of Fifth avenue and Harrison street, at 10:45 p.m. daily. For tickets, berths in Pullman or Colonist Sleepers, etc., apply to Geo. K. Thompson, City Passenger and Ticket Agent, 205 Clark street, or to F. J. Eddy, Depot Ticket Agent, Grand Central Passenger Station, corner Fifth avenue and Harrison street, Chicago, Ill.

Electric Belt Free.

To introduce it and obtain agents the undersigned firm will give away a few of their $5 00 German Electric Belts invented by Prof. Van der Weyde, Pres. of the New York Electrical Society (U S. Pat. 257 647) a positive cure for Nervous Debility, Rheumatism, Loss of Power, &c. Address Electric Agency, P. O. Box 178 Brooklyn, N. Y. Write to them to-day.

The Only One.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid Vestibuled, Electric-Lighted, and Steam-Heated trains between Chicago, Milwaukee, St. Paul and Minneapolis.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line running solid Vestibuled, Electric-Lighted, and Steam-Heated trains between Chicago, Council Bluffs and Omaha.

The berth reading lamp feature in the Pullman Sleeping Cars run on these lines is patented, and cannot be used by any other railway company. It is the great improvement of the age. Try it and be convinced.

For tickets, sleeping-car reservations, and all information, apply at the company's ticket office, 207 and 209 Clark street, or at its passenger station, Madison, Canal and Adams streets.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street, New York.

To the Deaf.

A person cured of Deafness and noises in the head of 23 years' standing by a simple remedy, will send a description of it FREE to any person who applies to NICHOLSON, 177 MacDougal street, New York.

The great Dr. Boerhaave left three directions for preserving the health—keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open. Had he practiced in our day, he might have added: and purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for he certainly would consider it the best.

With Ely's Cream Balm a child can be treated without pain or dread and with perfect safety. Try the remedy. It cures catarrh, hay fever and colds in the head. It is easily applied into the nostrils, and gives relief with the first application. Price 50c.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Galligan, pastor. Residence 135 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 636 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave. and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dearborn sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave. and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2923 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and Macon place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E.J. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2543 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Alport sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; High mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Nepomucuk Jaeger, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 704 Alport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W. Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a. m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 296 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N. Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m Rev. S. M. A. Barrett, pastor. Residence 235 N. Sangamon st

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. H. Bronsgeest, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st. and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 836 Ashland av

St. Antnony of Padua—Corner of Mctregor st. and Twenty-fourth place. Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty-fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 439 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st., between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor. Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Huribut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev. Jos. Essing, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 329 Huribut st.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 404 Congress st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev. Father Abbott, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st. Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. George Raths, pastor

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 331 N. Paulina street.

St. Stanislaus Kostka—Noble and Ingraham sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7:30, 8, and 9:30 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Vincent Barzynski, C.R. Residence adjoining church.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a. m 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. P. D. Gill, pastor. Residence 78 Cypress st.

St. Mary's of Perpetual Help—Lancaster and Thirty-second sts. Mass at 8 a.m.; high mass at 10. Attended from St. Adalbert's, Seventeenth and Paulina sts.

St. Joseph's—North Market and Hill sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a.m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. B. Dolwick, O.S.B., pastor. Residence 209 N. Market

Church of Our Lady of Sorrows—W Jackson and Albany sts. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. A. Venturi, C. S., pastor Residence 1406 W. Jackson st.

St. George's—Wentworth ave., bet. 39th and 40th sts. Masses at 8 and 10 a. m.; Christian duties and vespers at 2:30 and 3 p. m. Rev. G. D. Heldmann, pastor. Residence 3919 Fifth av.

Holy Angels'—264 Oakwood Boulevard. Masses at 6, 7:30, 9 and 10 a. m.; high mass at 11 a m; Sunday school at 2:30 p. m; vespers, instruction and benediction at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. A. Tighe, pastor.

St. Boniface's—Noble and Cornell streets. Masses at 7:30 and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Clement Venn, pastor. Residence, 84 Cornell st.

St. Wenceslaus'—DeKoven and Desplaines sts. Mass at 8 a. m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p. m. Rev. Joseph Molitor, pastor. Residence 127 DeKoven st.

St. Josephat's Church—Belden and Southport aves. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 6 p m. Rev. K. Kozlowski, pastor. Residence 238 Southport av.

St. Adelbert's—Corner Paulina and W. Seventeenth sts. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev J. Radziejewski, pastor. Residence 712 W Seventeenth st.

BOILER EXPLOSION.

Yards of the Eliza Furnace, Pittsburg, the Scene.

BLOWN THREE HUNDRED FEET.

Two Men Killed and Several Badly Injured—The Boiler Split and Flattened Out Like a Fan—The Steam Barge Annie Young Burned—Her Captain and Part of the Crew Saved—A Double Collision on the Lake Shore Road.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Oct. 20.—At 11 o'clock Monday morning, shifting engine No. 1 belonging to the Monogahela connecting railroad while pushing a train of empty cars along a side track near the casting house of the Eliza furnace, on Second avenue exploded her boiler with terrific force. Engineer Flaherty, aged 25, was blown from the engine cab into the Monogahela river a distance of 300 feet. His body has not yet been recovered. Fireman Thomas McGuff, aged 21, was hurled against the brick side of the casting house and instantly killed. Conductor James Foraker, 50 years old, was perhaps fatally scalded. Brakeman Joseph Ferry was frightfully cut and scalded about the head and shoulders but may recover.

The Engine a Complete Wreck.

Thomas Clark, a laborer, had his legs broken and back injured. Several men at work in the furnace were slightly injured by escaping steam and flying debris. What remains of the wrecked engine stands reared up on end. The steam dome, sand-box and stack have not been found; while the boiler is split almost the entire length and flattened out like a fan. The cause of the explosion is not known.

DROWNED IN LAKE HURON.

Steam Barge Annie Young Burned and Part of the Crew Sacrificed.

PORT HURON, Mich., Oct. 20.—The steam barge Annie Young caught fire off Lexington in Lake Huron about 9:45 Monday morning and nine members of the crew who tried to escape in a small boat are supposed to be drowned. There was a terrific sea running at the time the fire broke out. Seeing that there was no hope of saving the barge, the captain had the men lower the boats. The crew consisted of about twenty men crowded into two boats. One of the boats was missed in the heavy sea but the other was picked up by the steam barge William Edwards and brought here. Capt. Hugh Miller was in charge of the Annie Young. He and and his two engineers were in the rescued party and they chartered the tug Kittie Haight and have gone back to where the burning barge was abandoned to look for the missing small boat and its crew of nine men.

Owned by Anchor Transportation Co.

The Annie Young left Port Huron at 6 o'clock in the morning with a cargo of coal and general merchandise for Escanaba and Gladstone. She was owned by the Anchor Transportation company of Erie, Pa., was built in 1869, and valued at $30,000. She was a mass of flames when Capt. Miller and the crew with him in the life boat pulled away from her, and she undoubtedly went to the bottom.

A later special to The News from Port Huron, Mich., says: When the steamer Annie Young caught fire the captain and crew took to the boats, nine going in one boat and thirteen in the other. The thirteen were picked up by the steamer Edward Smith, but the other boat was upset and all its occupants drowned. Among those lost were George McManus of Port Huron, J. Connelly, G. Crosby, T. Gallagher, and George Connelly.

WAS A TERRIFIC SMASHUP.

Double Collision on the Lake Shore with but One Casualty.

BUFFALO, N. Y., Oct. 20.—A Lake Shore freight train loaded with cattle, going east, broke in two on a heavy grade three miles east of Silver creek Sunday morning. The rear section started backward and crashed into another freight going east, smashing several cars and killing a number of cattle, and throwing two cars in the path of the fast limited express, which collided with the obstruction, smashing the engine and baggage cars, and tearing the sides out of two coaches.

Warned by the Baggagemaster.

No one was killed and but one injured—a lady passenger, who had two ribs broken. Both tracks were blocked for some time. The baggagemaster saw the obstruction and notified the passengers to get on the other side of the car, thereby preventing great loss of life.

Two Men Fatally Injured.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 20.—At a few minutes before 1 o'clock Sunday a collision occurred on the Pennsylvania railroad near the station at Frankford. J. Shearan, the engineer, and Harry Shields, a fireman, were fatally injured. They were taken to a hospital, where they now lie in a critical condition.

Fell Off a Railway Bridge.

THE DALLES, Ore., Oct. 20.—Capt. Nicholas J. Skottowe, of the British army, and his wife fell from a railway bridge a distance of twenty feet, striking on rocks and sustaining serious injuries, probably fatal in the case of Skottowe. They were making a tour of the world.

Killed by a Falling Derrick.

CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—Saturday morning Felix Young, laborer, was instantly killed; James Turner, laborer, badly injured, and several others badly bruised by the fall of a derrick at the building now being constructed at Madison street and Michigan avenue.

Frightened into Marriage.

RACINE, Wis., Oct. 20.—Sadie Cook was induced to visit Milwaukee Wednesday by a man named Thomas Cook, when he proposed they should get married. She refused and he threatened to shoot her, pulling a weapon from his pocket. They then went to a justice of the peace, where the knot was tied. The next day she escaped and came home. She began an action in court to have the marriage annulled.

Hanged by an Armed Mob.

MACON, Ga., Oct. 20.—William Singleton, a negro hackman, was taken from jail Friday night by an armed mob and hanged to a tree. His body was not cut down until 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon. Five weeks ago Saturday night Singleton committed a rape upon a young lady, whose name is suppressed because of her social prominence.

STEAMBOAT DISASTER RECALLED.

Ohio River Divers Discover a Sunken Boat of Over Forty Years.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 21.—Unusual excitement was created in river circles Monday over a discovery made by divers who are preparing to sink a caisson for the new bridge. In digging the men came across the hull of a steamboat sunk over forty years ago and sought for a long time, but without success. At the time named the steamer Moselle, with 200 emigrants who had come aboard at Pittsburg for southern points, sank somewhere in the neighborhood mentioned. This stream was high and many lives were lost.

A Safe and Dead Bodies Found.

In the safe of the boat was a large sum of money, never recovered. The wreck is four feet under ground. When the news of the find became known thousands flocked to the scene and old river men recalled the wreck. The divers fastened ropes and chains to the hull, and it will be pulled out. The divers say the wreck is in good preservation, and they judge that most of the cabin is gone, but from the cabin floor down it is all right. Dead bodies and the safe will be sought for.

THE PRICE-BOOTH INQUEST.

Almost a Bloody Sequel to the Tragedy of Saturday.

QUINCY, Ills., Oct. 21.—What might have been a bloody sequel to the Price-Booth tragedy of Saturday was prevented by the disarming of a number of men. The killing of Price by Miss Booth has engendered much bitterness and threats have been made by both sides. When the coroner's inquest was commenced it was noticed that a number of the male relatives of both parties to the shooting were present, and the ugly looks exchanged between some of them recalled the threats.

Every Relative Armed.

To prevent possible trouble it was ordered that every person in the room be searched. The search showed that every relative of the victims of the tragedy was armed, and when it was concluded enough revolvers lay on the table to start an arsenal. Then an officer was stationed at the door who searched every one who entered. The inquest resulted in a verdict in accordance with the facts as reported.

Went to the Funeral Instead.

RED BLUFF, Cal., Oct. 21.—Colt Herrick was to be married to the eldest daughter of Burt Johnson, the well-known hotel keeper at Big Meadows, Plumas county. He was in Red Bluff a week ago, since which time he has not been seen or heard from. Friends gathered from miles about to attend the wedding. Herrick's disappearance impelled Miss Johnson to take to her room, which she did not leave even for her meals. Her sister slept with her, and when she awoke in the morning she discovered that her sister was ill. She continued to get worse and died. Those who gathered to attend the wedding went to the funeral instead.

Death from Starvation and Exposure.

GOSHEN, Ind., Oct. 21.—The nude body of an unknown man, with only one arm, has been found in a barn near Millersburg, Ind. The clothing belonging to it was found nearly a mile away. In the inside coat pocket was a memorandum containing the name J. Shields, Erie, Pa. There were no marks of violence on the dead man's body, and the verdict of the coroner was that death resulted from starvation and exposure. Coroner Johnson telegraphed the chief of police at Erie, and received a reply that a man named J. Shields was missing from there, but that he had two arms.

An Indiana Jail Delivery.

VINCENNES, Ind., Oct. 21.—All the prisoners in jail here have decamped through the dry-air closet. Among those who obtained freedom were three who were awaiting trial for committing thefts in and about Wheatland. The same night some burglars broke into the confectionery store and barber shop of Joe Scott in Wheatland. Monday morning the barn and all its contents of Mrs. Frances McKinley, near Wheatland, were burned; loss, $3,000. The people there are terrified and afraid of their lives since the escape of those prisoners.

Told by an Indiana Farmer.

INDIANPOLIS, Ind., Oct. 21.—Sylvester Johnson, a farmer living near this city, was attracted by the humming of his bees while in his garden Monday morning, and upon investigation found many of his raspberry vines in bloom, while others had half-grown berries on them. Examining his strawberry beds he found several clusters of berries, some of which were quite ripe.

Set Aside His Will.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Oct. 21.—In the circuit court here Judge Keys rendered a decision setting aside the will of Mrs. Bolton which involved the title to 500 acres of real estate, worth $40,000. It was the intention of Mrs. Bolton to place the title to the land in her two granddaughters, but the will was so poorly worded that it would not stand.

Will Try to Break the Will.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 21.—A sensation was sprung in the probate court when the will of Frank O. Lloyd, a rich druggist, was filed. He had lived amicably with his family and left them comforably provided for, but bequeathed the bulk of his property to an old sweetheart, Mrs. Jennie Walker. The widow will try to break the will.

Baltimore Counting Noses.

BALTIMORE, Oct. 21.—The dissatisfaction that has been manifest here since the United States enumerators made their returns, culminated Monday in an order for a recount by the police of the city's population. It is not doubted that a careful recount will show a population of at least 470,000.

Dempsey to Fight Fitzsimmons.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 21.—Jack Dempsey has signed articles of agreement to fight Bob Fitzsimmons for a purse and the middle-weight championship of the world before the Olympic club of this city about the middle of December. A telegram from Dempsey says the articles are on the way by mail.

Gen. Williamson Very Ill.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Oct. 21.—Gen. James Alexander Williamson, of Washington City, is lying very ill at the Midland hotel here. He is accompanied by his daughter, Pauline. A rupture is the cause of his illness. Gen. Williamson was on his way from Albuquerque, N. M., to Washington when taken ill.

KILLED IN HER SLEEP.

A Terrible Double Tragedy at Boston, Mass.

DANIEL WILSON SLAYS HIS WIFE,

Fires Two Bullets into His Own Body, and Then Says He Does Not Know Why He Did It—A Blind Beggar Robbed by Toughs in Chicago—Dynamite Outrage in New Hampshire—The New Orleans Dagos.

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—Early Saturday morning Daniel H. Wilson shot and instantly killed his wife while she was sleeping, at their residence, 73 Leverett street, then turned his revolver upon himself and fired two shots into his own body, and his life now lies in the balance. Wilson has always been considered a sober, industrious fellow. He married a Vermont girl about a year ago, and since then has never been heard to utter a word of complaint against his wife. But he was to a certain extent an invalid and was forced to give up his position as driver for the Adams' Express company for several days at a time, and this is said to have made him despondent.

Does Not Know Why He Did It.

About two weeks ago he had to leave work, and, it is thought that the fear that his position would be given to another man so preyed upon his mind that he determined to kill those dependent upon him for support and himself. According to his own story he knows not why he committed murder and attempted suicide, unless it was during a fit of insanity. He says that he awoke Saturday morning and found his wife fast asleep. Without any reason whatever he took his revolver from under his pillow and shot her in the right temple, killing her instantly. Then he shot himself twice in the left breast, one bullet penetrating his lung and the other taking an outward course along the ribs.

Found Lying Beside His Wife.

He then entered an adjoining room in which slept his 12-year-old daughter by his first wife, and, waking her, told her to tell his sister, Mrs. Sylvester, who lives a few blocks away, that he wanted to see her. The child dressed and went to her aunt, who, on reaching the residence of her brother, found him lying on the bed by the side of his dead wife. A doctor was at once summoned and the police were notified. Wilson was taken to the Massachusetts General hospital, where he now lies in a critical condition. The weapon with which the deed was committed was a 32-caliber defender pattern revolver.

MISCELLANEOUS CRIMES.

Robbed the Mayor's Wife.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—Mrs. De Witt C. Cregier, wife of the mayor, was relieved of her pocket book and $40 in money in one of the elevators of the city hall a few days ago. The fact was kept quiet, but when the mayor was asked about the circumstances Friday he said that neither pocket book nor contents had been recovered, but as several reporters were in the elevator with Mrs. Cregier he had his suspicions. The mayor was inclined to look upon the robbery as a joke, but the lady takes an entirely different view of the matter.

Murder on a Steamboat.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 18.—At 1 o'clock Saturday afternoon Albert Whitefield killed Grandison Jones, putting three bullets from a 32-calibre revolver into his body. The shooting took place on board the steamer Baton Rouge, lying at the foot of Market street. Charles Newton was shot through the neck by a stray bullet. Whitefield was arrested. All the parties concerned in the affray are colored. The murder was the result of an old quarrel between the men.

Specimen Chicago Toughs.

CHICAGO, Oct. 18.—Edward Broderick is a blind beggar. Friday he put in a good day's work and begged 235 pennies. Feeling fatigued after his hard day's work he went into an Italian saloon on Clark street, near Harrison, and ordered a stimulant. A gang of toughs proceeded to hold him up, and took every one of his 235 pennies, less the five he had paid for his beer. A dozen toughs are under arrest on suspicion.

Planned a General Assassination.

NEW ORLEANS, Oct. 18.—Friday night the police searched the residence of one of the men arrested for the murder of Chief of Police Hennessy and found a detailed plan to assassinate all city or state officers who acted counter to the wishes of the Mafia, an Italian secret society formed for the purpose of assassination. This society includes a large portion of the lower class of Italians.

Pat Sheedy in Court.

NEW YORK, Oct. 18.—Pat Sheedy, who was indicted by the Saratoga county grand jury on Wednesday for maintaining a gambling house at Morrissey's old stand, now called the Chicago Club house, was arrested in this city on a bench warrant from Saratoga county Friday afternoon by Detectives Frink and Martin. He was arraigned at Jefferson Market court.

Did Not Feel Safe Anywhere.

BOSTON, Oct. 18.—Frank Ritchie, an escaped convict, who was captured in Portland, Me., was returned to the state prison at Charlestown, Mass., Friday. He said that since his escape he had been all over the United States and Canada but did not feel secure anywhere. He has about sixteen years to serve.

A Murderous Affray.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 18.—John W. Davis, a wealthy financier, who for several years past has been engaged in mining operations, was shot dead Friday by William Weathers, a night patrolman, while resisting arrest while intoxicated. Weathers was hit on the head with a club by Davis, and may die also.

A Dynamite Outrage.

BERLIN FALLS, N. H., Oct. 18.—A charge of dynamite was exploded under the house of F. J. Bonnett at 4 o'clock Friday morning, badly shattering the front of the house but not seriously injuring any member of the family. Bonnett is a liquor prosecutor.

Scott Increases His Miners' Wages.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 18.—W. L. Scott, the millionaire coal operator, has voluntarily given his miners in this vicinity an advance in wages of 2 cents per ton, beginning Nov. 1. The raise will affect about 2,000 miners.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

At the annual session of the Laundrymen's association at Pittsburg Monday, President Doremus of Chicago denounced the Chinese and advised that they be starved out of the business.

It is so dry at Malheur, Cal., that whisky barrels full of liquor are falling to pieces.

There are seven or eight negroes in Texas, most of them ex-slaves, who are worth about $100,000 each.

A dozen stores and dwellings at Fairport, Ohio, were burned Monday night, causing a loss of $75,000.

Evidence has been discovered in Cincinnati going to show that Elwood West at Lexington, Ky., invented and put in operation a steamboat in 1797, six years prior to that of Fulton.

A. M. McRae, secretary and treasurer of the Security Loan and Savings company, of St. Catherines, Ont., has disappeared. He is a defaulter to the extent of $35,000.

By a giant powder explosion at the Ivanhoe-Ruk tunnel, near Leadville, Colo., Tuesday, two men were killed and eight injured, six of them fatally.

A resolution was passed Tuesday by the Michigan state board of health ordering the exclusion from public schools, colleges and institutions of learning of all persons suffering from consumption.

In a test case of the Illinois compulsory educational law at Champaign Tuesday, the jury returned a verdict for the state.

The revision committee of the Presbyterian general assembly closed its first session at Pittsburg Tuesday, to meet in Washington Feb. 4.

The police census of New York, completed Tuesday, shows a population of 1,710,715, an increase of 197,214 over the government census.

While a daughter of Zemin Brant of Johnson, Ill., was helping her father haul some fodder, she doing the loading, the wagon was overturned and she pitched out, striking on her head and breaking her neck.

Nearly all the ranches in the valleys of the Hart and Cannon Ball rivers in North Dakota have been devastated by prairie fires.

Michael J. O'Connor, mail-carrier at Decatur, Ill., has been arrested charged with forging the name of D. A. Maffitt, Republican candidate for sheriff, to a promissory note for $105. He waived examination and is in jail.

Graham and Harrington, Irish members of parliament, who were appointed members of the committee to come to the United States to solicit aid for the Irish cause, have declined to serve.

Jurtin S. Morrill was re-elected United States senator Tuesday, over ex Minister Phelps, by the legislature of Vermont.

Mrs. J. A. White, aged 50, committed suicide Tuesday by hanging at Benton Harbor Mich.

The railroads are carrying on a bitter railroad war from the northwest to Chicago. Ticket brokers are selling tickets for almost anything.

Governor Fifer Tuesday reprieved Calvin Holden and Albert Dunham, sentenced to be hanged at Monticello, Ills., Friday, for the killing of Harley Russell, June 21, until March 6, 1891.

The death is announced of Marquise Castellane, the grand niece of Talleyrand, who influenced him to become reconciled to the Church of Rome.

Thomas Woolfolk, murderer of his family of ten or eleven people, who is to satisfy the law of Georgia, Oct. 29, is to be hanged in an amphitheatre-like plain where fully 10,000 country folk can witness the performance.

Governor Steele, of Oklahoma, has been threatened with assassination for vetoing the bill locating the territorial capital at Oklahoma.

During a heated political discussion Alvin Bennett, of Decatur, Mich., charged Joseph Acton with putting copperas in his eyes in order to destroy his sight and procure an increase of pension. Bennett was indicted for slander and was fined $13.

A deserted from Fort Shaw, Mont., attempted to shoot Government Scout Roanch, who captured him. After being seriously wounded Roanch shot and killed him. His body was left lying in a gulch at Hardy.

Harry Steele, a Burlington brakemen, fell from his train near Chalno, Neb., and had both legs cut off near the hips. He died of his injuries.

Herman Knoot, of Grand Rapids, Mich., aged 16, while playing with a revolver, shot and fatally injured Jennie Shadow, aged 13.

John Compton, of Merrill, Wis., while on his way to Wausau, fell from the train and was killed.

Sprague Wilkes, a horse owned by J. Wilson Bury, fell dead during a heat on the Lexington, Ky., race track Wednesday. He was valued at $6,000.

Senor R. Bengochea, husband of Gen. Barrundia's youngest daughter, arrived in New York Wednesday to make a demand on the government of $100,000 damages for Barrundia's death. He claims that the government is directly responsible, because Minister Mizner induced the captain of the Pacific mail steamer to surrender the general to the Guatemalan troops.

At the La Plata coal mines, near Derango, Colo., Tuesday, contracts were let to parties whom the miners disliked. In the evening two miners drove the contractors from camp at the muzzle of their revolvers. One contractor, over 70 years old, died from exposure.

Representatives of lines carrying Florida travel met Wednesday at Cincinnati and fixed tourist rates at 4 cents a mile for round-trip tickets.

In a glove contest before the Seattle (Wash.) Athletic club, Tuesday night, for a purse of $1,000, Danny Needham, of St. Paul knocked out Billy Mehan, of San Francisco, in the forty-third round.

At their meeting Wednesday the Baltimore and Ohio directors decided not to declare a dividend on the common stock.

The report of the Illinois state board of charity shows an expenditure for the quarter ending Sept. 30 of $285,301.37.

John Lee Harrison, 12 years old, was accidentally shot and killed by his brother Douglass at Valverde, Colo., Thursday. Douglass went mad with grief.

Conrad Foltz, for thirty years the jailer of Cook county, Ills., died Thursday night at his residence in Chicago after a brief illness.

At a convention of colored Republicans Wednesday at Columbia, S. C., a resolution was adopted to support the Haskell state ticket.

The Canadian branch of the Irish Land League is making a determined effort to get Dillon and O'Brien to visit Canada during their stay in America, and are using their influence with the Dominion government to secure an immunity for them from arrest while in the Dominion.

Jack Doyle, the Columbus catcher, signed a contract with the Cleveland Players' League club for 1891 Thursday.

Thursday the auditor of Illinois issued a permit for the organization of the People's Saving bank, at Moline, with a capital of $1,000,000.

Miss Emma S. Trapper made an investigation and found that out of fifty New York hotels visited in eighteen of them female servants were required to sleep in rooms under the ground.

Arthur W. Street, of Illinois, was, on Thursday, pardoned by the president. He had been sentenced to pay a $3,000 fine and cost for violation of the interstate law.

At the Tenderloin club reception at New York Thursday night, Bob Hilliard, the actor, suggested that after death each member should bequeath his skull to the club as an emblem of good fellowship.

R. W. Fisk, a lawyer and justice of the peace of Hoopeston, Ills., obtained a degree of divorce for a client on Thursday, and within three hours united her in marriage to another man.

The Perseverance cotton mill, situated near Bolton, England, has been destroyed by fire. Tuirty thousand spindles were ruined.

The body of J. L. Veach, who had evidently been murdered, was found near Purvis, Miss., Thursday.

William Budd, who lived near Lebanon, Ind., dropped dead when he heard that his wife had applied for a divorce.

Ah Gee Yung, a condemned Chinese murderer, committed suicide in the San Francisco jail Thursday night by taking opium.

The presidency of the society of the Daughters of the Revolution has been accepted by Mrs. Harrison.

At the sale Thursday of the Fernecliffe stud, the property of Mr. William Astor, Mr. W. Walden paid $30,000 for the imported stallion Galore, bred by the duke of Portland.

Vermont is ordering apples from Michigan.

An Alpena, Mich., woman wheeled her dead baby to a photographer's, carried the body up stairs and had its picture taken.

The hop crop of Oregon for 1890 is estimated at 18,000 bales.

A new daily paper has been started at Cloverdale, Ky., called The Dairy Girl.

Relic sellers at Gettysburg are said to import wagon loads of junk from southern battlefields and sell them for Gettysburg battle relics.

Heavy gales prevailed Friday along the north Atlantic coast. Shipping was badly damaged and two men were drowned in New York harbor. A house was blown over in Newark, N. J.

Babies are now very scarce in France. One may pass 100 houses without finding a cradle in it.

An association of Philadelphia housewives will abolish kitchens in their homes and start a central co-operative cooking house.

Hosea Brown, of Linn county, Ore., aged 102 years, and a veteran of 1812, has just been awarded a pension of $40 a month.

A Morgantown, Pa., girl thought she had found the long-looked-for man under the bed a few days ago, but after arousing the whole neighborhood the supposed man was nothing but a pair of boots and a gum coat.

Havana planters have decided to send to the ministers of the colonies a petition in favor of reciprocity with America.

An orange measuring a foot in circumference has been found in Starke, Fla.

Sanilac county, Mich., has a first-class jail, but it is without an occupant.

During the first two weeks of October 486 cases of cholera and 259 deaths from the disease have been reported in Spain. There is still a daily average of six deaths in Valencia, but the epidemic shows a general steady decline.

Mrs. John White, wife of a wealthy Benton Harbor, Mich., farmer, hanged herself Friday.

The new Missouri river grain rates promulgated by the inter-state commerce commission went into effect Friday.

The Egyptian Knitting company at Centralia finished its first pair of socks Friday, which were purchased by H. B. Brewster for $10. The money has been framed as a souvenir.

Brooklyn won the first game from Louisville for the world's championship.

A hunting dog, owned in Circleville Ohio, suffering excruciating pain from a rattlesnake bite, deliberately waded into the Scioto river and drowned himself.

Charles Saylor, aged 22 years, was burned to death in a barn at Marble Rock, Iowa, Saturday.

A woman at Trenton, Mo., is selling common bricks at $1 each, in order to pay off a church debt.

New England, as well as Ireland, will suffer from a potato famine this winter.

The body of Mrs. Sophia Stahle, 68 years old, was found in her house in Peoria, Ills., Sunday, horribly decomposed. She lived alone and had been dead five days.

Von Moltke's 90th anniversary will be observed in New York by public celebration. The day is Oct. 26.

An Italian torpedo boat foundered at sea and eighteen men were drowned.

The winning candidate for clerk in a Kentucky county died just before the polls closed on election day. His competitor now claims the office.

A Philadelphia school teacher has forbidden her girl pupils to wear bracelets and other jewelry to school, because such taings distract attention and arouse vanity and envy in the pupils.

For a considerable time Mr. Isbell, of Rivera, Cal., has been troubled by bees, which took possession of the upper part of his house. A few days ago he had them cleared out and gathered 6,000 pounds of choice honey.

A bill to forbid and punish the making of caricatures has been introduced in the Vermont legislature.

Three brothers named Englers of Milwaukee trespassed on the grounds of a farmer named McShane, who ordered them away. A fight ensued and Albert Englers was shot. He will recover.

Patti writes to a New York friend that she does not mean to return to this country.

The report that all the grave-diggers of the Glasnerin cemetery, near Dublin, are on a strike is a curious note in labor discussions.

Collector Erhardt, of the Port of New York, has been in office eighteen months and has been sued 4,000 times. They are friendly suits growing out of interpretions of the tariff law.

SHOT HER DECEIVER.

A Young Man Badly Wounded by His Old Love.

DREW A REVOLVER FROM HER DRESS

And Put a Bullet in Him in the Presence of His Newly-Wedded Wife—He Fell to the Floor and His Bride Fainted Away—A Judge's Bad Marksmanship Saves a Kansas City Editor's Life—Cowhided by a Concert Singer.

CHICAGO, Oct. 21.—It is not the fault of Florence Tyler, of Butler, Ills., Eugene F. Mease was not murdered by her hand. Miss Tyler walked into Mease's room at 295 West Lake street a few minutes before 7 o'clock Monday evening and shot him down. The most sensational feature of the shooting is the fact that Mease was married last Saturday to Miss Tessie Raymond, of 22 Curtis street, and the young couple had just started house keeping at the number given above. The cause of the shooting, according to the statements made by Miss Tyler, was revenge. Mease had formerly been engaged to her and they were to have been married last New Year's Day. He put off the wedding, however, and began paying attention to Miss Raymond. Their friendship ripened into love, and Friday last Mease took out a marriage license. Miss Tyler saw the notice of the issue of the license in the daily papers.

Concluded to End His Life.

She brooded over her former lover's marriage and finally concluded to put an end to his life. At 6 o'clock she hired a horse and buggy and drove to his house. Mrs. Mease answered the bell. She called her husband and entered the front room with him. "I want my ring and my photograph, Eugene Mease," said Miss Tyler. Mease left the room, and returning in a few minutes handed her a package. She started to leave the room, but turned when she reached the door, and running up to Mease, drew a revolver from the folds of her dress. She placed the muzzle of the weapon directly over Mease's heart. He turned slightly to the left just as the weapon was discharged and the bullet entered his left shoulder in the arm-pit and lodged under his left shoulder-blade. Mease fell to the floor and his bride fainted away, falling upon a lounge.

Arrested with Revolver in Hand.

Miss Tyler started to walk out, but was met at the door by Officer Klafta of the Desplaines Street station, who was passing on the opposite side of the street and hearing the shot and a woman scream started to investigate. Miss Tyler had the revolver in her hand when arrested. She was locked up at the Desplaines Street station and Mease was conveyed to the county hospital. His parents reside at 384 West Indiana street. He is 24 years old and employed as a city salesman by Moody & Waters, pie and confection bakers at Green and Fulton streets. He admits the former love affair with Miss Tyler, but will not explain why he broke the engagement. The physicians at the county hospital think he will recover. Miss Tyler is also known as Stella Davenport.

SHOT AT BY A JUDGE.

Bad Marksmanship Saves a Kansas City Man's Life.

ST. LOUIS, Oct. 21.—Gavon D. Burgess, judge of the state circuit court and aspirant for a seat on the state supreme bench, shot twice at H. L. Preston Monday at Brookfield, Mo. Preston is editor of The Sunday Sun, a disreptuable paper, at Kansas City, and was charged with printing libelous articles about Judge Burgess. He was tried at Brookfield, Mo., and acquitted. Judge Burgess happened to be passing through the town and he secured a gun and hunted Preston up and shot at him twice, without effect. Burgess was arrested and released on $1,000 bail. This affair causes a big sensation in the state.

Upheld Her Own Dignity.

CINCINNATI, Oct. 21.—There was a sensation in Peter's concert hall Monday night. Annie Suits, a petite and comedy singer and male impersonator, was on the stage doing her "turn," attired in a jockey's costume, when a wealthy young resident of this city clucked at her very loudly and in other ways made himself obnoxious. Miss Suits is married, but her husband was not on hand to protect her, so she upheld her own dignity. Retiring to the green-room, she procured a stout cowhide, and sailing forth into the audience, she made for the offending swell. Before he could disarm her she had soundly whaled him, to the intense delight of the spectators.

"Jack, the Hair Cutter."

DETROIT, Oct. 21.—"Jack, the Hair Cutter" tackled his eleventh victim Monday night. Miss Tillie Kuhn was stopped by the fellow on Miami avenue. He grasped her by the hair and tried to cut it off. Miss Kuhn vigorously resisted, pounding her assailant over the head with her umbrella until he let go and ran up an alley without his usual spoil of hair. There was blood on Miss Kuhn's umbrella, and it is thought she must have scratched the fellow severely with it.

The Tramp Shot Her.

CHAMPAIGN, Ills., Oct. 21.—Two tramps called at the house of Richard Morgan and demanded food. When Mrs. Morgan refused to accommodate them one of the fellows drew a revolver and shot her, inflicting a painful but not dangerous wound.

He Loved the Girl.

SANTA BARBARA, Cal., Oct. 21.—Ramon Lopez shot and killed Mary Dezinell Monday and then tried to shoot himself. He was arrested. He loved the girl and had been rejected.

Twelve Persons Drowned.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 21.—A private cablegram from China, received Monday in this city, stated that Capt. Fownes, his child and ten of his crew were drowned with his ship, Lizzie C. Troop, which went ashore on the Loo Choo islands, while bound from Philadelphia via Shanghai to Puget sound. The captain's wife, the mate and the balance of the crew were saved, and are safe at the Loo Choo islands.

Dashed to Death.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., Oct. 21.—Andrew Andrews, a workman employed on the construction of the bridge across the Genesee river at the lower falls, fell seventy feet Monday and was dashed to death.

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, Unity Building, 79 Dearborn-St.

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CHICAGO, OCTOBER 25, 1890.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—Nat C. Goodwin in "The Nominee."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—Francis Wilson in "The Merry Monarch."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—Marks' International Vaudevilles.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE,
Clark-st. between Washington and Randolph—Gus Williams & John T. Kelly.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union Raglan's Way with Edwin Arden.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Nellie McHenry.

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"One of the Finest."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
Halstead street near Madison.—Pete Baker in "Siberia."

LIBBY PRISON WAR MUSEUM.
Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Sixteenth streets. Open daily and Sundays from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m.

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
Wabash-av. and Hubbard-court—Battle of Gettysburg. Open from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m., Sundays included.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

GLADSTONE AT EDINBURGH.

A good synopsis of Mr. Gladstone's speech at Edinburgh, last Tuesday, will be found in the news columns. His attack upon Balfour's administration of the alleged Irish government is characteristic, but is apt to provoke a smile with those who remember how eloquently the veteran orator defended the late "Buckshot" Forster, when he was pursuing a similar policy in Ireland ten years ago, while Mr. Gladstone himself was prime minister of England. But there is a great mental difference between Mr. Gladstone and Secretary Balfour. The former is a big enough man to confess that he was wrong and to endeavor, according to his lights, to remedy, in part at least, evils which, in former days, he, ignorantly rather than intentionally, assisted in propagating. Great is the power of truth on an able mind. It only makes a small mind, as in the case of Balfour, narrower. Gladstone knew that Ireland was wronged many years ago; but he did not know the great and damning extent of the wrong until, his conscience being awakened, he became a student of her sad history. Yes, this great man, at the age of nearly four score years, did not disdain to read the true story of Ireland in order to instruct himself in the classics of humanity. In the radiance of his enlightenment and the plenitude of his conversion, how thoroughly Gladstone must feel ashamed of himself for having countenanced buckshot and bayonets in Ireland during his own remarkable regime! His earlier reign in Ireland gave birth to the so called dynamitards and Invincibles. It was against Gladstone's government that the arms of those desperate classes of Irishmen were chiefly directed. The world knows it was "Buckshot" Forster, not Cavendish, that the Invincibles would have killed, and, in those red days, Mr. Gladstone himself did not dare to walk the streets of London without an escort from Scotland Yard. It was Gladstone's government that hanged O'Donnell, the executioner of the informer Carey, and that insolently refused the urgent request of the late President Arthur, through his secretary of state, that "the avenger" be respited for a week in order that the matter of his American citizenship might be thoroughly inquired into. These are facts of history, and there are still other facts that it may be well to record. Mr. Balfour's minions shot down three Irish farmers at Mitchelstown. Mr. Forster's minions bayoneted and buckshotted women and children in Connemara and in Donegal. In the matter of hangings of Irishmen, Mr. Forster's government was ahead of Mr. Balfour's "by a large majority."

But the Whigs sickened of the long fight, and the jail doors of Kilmainham were opened. Mr. Gladstone and Earl Spencer, largely from conviction, and some of the other Whig leaders from fear, concluded that the Irish wolf dog was, at last, driven to bay, and had become positively dangerous. What reason and honor could not effect crime and violence did. The Liberal party, as a body, became pledged to the policy of Home Rule. The assassination of Cavendish and Burke almost drove them back to the old policy, but the event brought home to the heart of England the unpleasant fact that the Irish, if sufficiently provoked, were quite capable of imitating the avowed policy of Signor Mazzini, the former dear and intimate friend of those noted Whig chiefs, now gone to their account, Russell and Palmerston. Mr. Gladstone was, of course, greatly shocked by the death of his friend Cavendish. "Buckshot" Forster, originally a man of excellent nature, but twisted out of all moral shape by the English system of governing Ireland, died partly of fright, and partly of a broken heart. He had "lost his character" on the Liverpool and Dublin packet. His Irish record looked him in the face like an accusing spirit, and he could not stand the heart and brain pressure. The poor devil passed from earth with a black cloud around his fame, and Gladstone, who pronounced his panegyric, and whose political victim he was, could not dispel it.

Mr. Gladstone, horrified by the epoch of blood and disgrace that had marked the first portion of his Irish reign, began to ask himself if he could not induce better relations between the two countries. He was anxious for the solidarity of the empire, and he was also anxious to crown his last years on earth by an achievement worthy of his earlier fame. The potent voice that had roused humanity against the despot of Naples, and that had in an indirect sense hurled the indignant Muscovite against the battalions of "the unspeakable Turk" in Bulgaria, was now lifted in the cause of Ireland, more cursed by the rule of the Englishman than was Naples by the Bourbon or Bulgaria by the Saracen. Such a conversion is unparalleled in history. St. Paul hardly affords a parallel, because his conversion was religious rather than political. Gladstone's change of heart has the glamour of romance. It would be interesting to place the speeches in which he defended Forster in 1880 beside those in which he condemns Balfour in 1890.

Mr. Gladstone, in his Edinburgh speech, speaks of "Victoria's glorious reign." Glorious in what? Certainly not glorious in the rule of Ireland, or in the rule of India. Her throne, like that of Dahomey, rests on a pyramid of skulls. Behind it stands the empire, ever ready to add more skulls to the hideous pedestal. Mr. Gladstone's ancient contribution to that ghastly edifice is by no means a small one. He has much to answer for as a sinner, and to hope for as a convert. His bold declaration that an appeal to the English people tomorrow would result in a verdict for Home Rule is worthy of his political courage. It is a bold challenge to the Tories, but they will not accept it. They are not fools—they are waiting for Gladstone to die. His expectation of life is now only from day to day. At 81, men are not strong candidates for life insurance. But Salisbury's parliament, for he owns it, has three full years of life before it, under the English system. Gladstone is playing against three years' time, which, should he live, will make him a patriarch of four score and four years. The odds seem desperate, and no one knows it better than the old leader himself. There is not a man in Great Britain capable of taking his place. Home Rule is, therefore, skating on thin ice. It is a question of the survival of the fittest, in the sense of leadership. Should Gladstone die, THE CITIZEN believes that Home Rule would die with him. But the death of Home Rule would not necessarily mean the death of the cause of Irish independence.

NOT A PRETTY QUARREL.

It seems to THE CITIZEN that Mr. Davitt, in his *Labor World* revelations, is rather hard on the veteran O'Donovan Rossa. How could the latter have suspected "Red Jim" M'Dermott of being an English spy, when, for more than five and twenty years he had been identified more or less with Irish movements? It is true that McDermott's general character was untrustworthy, but there was no reason to believe that the once trusted lieutenant of the pure and noble-hearted John O'Mahony could have become a base and heartless traitor in the meridian of his life. O'Donovan Rossa is by no means devoid of human imperfections—who is?—but, whatever his shortcomings and peculiarities, nobody, with any share of commonsense, can doubt his loyalty to Ireland. That he has made foolish utterances, occasionally, cannot be controverted; that, like other single natured and good hearted men, he has trusted some plausible rascals too much, appears to be true, but, notwithstanding this, THE CITIZEN makes bold to say that no man who ever lived or died for Ireland loves or loved her more intensely than Jeremiah O'Donovan Rossa. The Irish people, whatever Englishmen may say or think of him, cannot forget that, since 1858, he has been the living embodiment of implacable hostility to British rule in Ireland. He is, perhaps, the last active representative of the deadly hatred borne by Shane the Proud, Red Hugh O'Donnell, Sir Phelim O'Neill and John Mitchel to Saxons and Saxonry. It is impossible to judge such a man by the ordinary standard. He has his ideas about "striking a blow" and "bringing England to her senses." Most people think they are not wise ideas, but few doubt the sincerity of the mind that conceives them. Rossa is a believer, evidently, in the stern Mosaic law—"an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth, a life for a life." If all Irishmen felt as he has felt for the last forty years, either the Irish or the English would be exterminated in Ireland. He knows no such thing as compromise. He is heroically behind his age, but he should not, on that account, be condemned by the people for whom he has endured captivity, suffering and humiliation.

Nor has O'Donovan Rossa, much as he has been condemned, been an impotent factor in Anglo Irish politics. His chosen methods may be out of date at present. The civilized world—a rather unknown quantity—has declared against them. The possibility of suffering to the helpless and the innocent—all these considerations have rendered O'Donovan Rossa unpopular with all of Ireland's enemies, and not a few of her friends, but still there, after forty years of disappointment, the grizzled veteran stands—a connecting link between the Ireland that believed in blood and sacrifice and the Ireland that believes in wind and the magnanimity of the Saxons.

Mr. Davitt, in his sphere, has also left a deep impression on the Anglo Irish struggle. There was a time when he, too, did not slumber in the clouds of agitation, but rather worshipped the giant who

—On the mountain stands,
His blood red tresses glittering in the sun,
The death shot glowing in his fiery hands,
And eye that scorcheth all it glares upon.

It is not for Davitt and for Rossa, both representative men—the one of the young and the other of the old period—to quarrel for the edification of the national Saxon enemy. They differ in their methods and in their beliefs. They agree as to the necessity of rescuing Ireland, somehow, from the dreadful situation in which the present finds her. Words of anger should not pass between those two men, both of whom have been jailed by the same tyrant and lashed by the same press. Let them agree to disagree. Let the apostle of the new era woo the British lion's cub—heir apparent to the bloody den of his venerable and mangy sire—if he thinks he can tame him into better instincts, and let O'Donovan Rossa, the representative of antique patriotism and uncompromising hostility to the tyrants of his country, be left in peace by his own countrymen at least. No lash cuts so deeply as that applied by the hand of a brother.

A REAL IRISH HERO.

Miss Emily Lawless has a very extraordinary article in the *Nineteenth Century* for September. It is entitled, "How Art MacMurrough fought Richard the Second." No finer or more interesting subject for an article was ever chosen, but it has to be confessed that Miss Lawless has made a complete "mess" of it. She possesses no historic knowledge at all about Irish matters, or else she knowingly and wilfully distorts the facts of history. She has to acknowledge that Art McMurrough defeated Richard the Second, and defeated the largest English army that ever encamped on Irish soil, but she lies as to the amount of men Richard brought to Ireland, and lies as to the manner in which Art got the better of his foe. She attributes the defeat of the English to bad weather and starvation instead of to hard fighting. She says that Richard had an "immense army of 25,000 men;" whereas he had more than double that number. English authorities admit that within three years over 50,000 men landed in Ireland, every man of whom was sent against Art MacMurrough, and almost every man of whom was killed by the heroic king of Leinster. It is a dead certainty that if a truthful article was written on the subject by some one who was capable of writing it, such as T. C. Luby, M. C. O'Keefe, or T. O'N. Russell, the *Nineteenth Century* would never have printed it; but when an ignorant, foolish Anglo-Irish woman writes on a subject of which she knows next to nothing, and tries to explain away the greatest reverses ever suffered by English arms, with the single exception of Bannockburn, her article is willingly printed and historic accuracy sadly destroyed.

It has to be admitted that Richard the Second's campaign against Art MacMurrough, king of Leinster, undertaken in the latter part of the fourteenth century, is the very darkest episode in both Irish and English history. There are fewer documents relating to it than to any matter of equal importance that ever occured in the history of England, from the battle of Hastings down to the present hour. D'Arcy Magee, who wrote the life of Art MacMurrough, acknowledges this. It seems to be an absolute fact that the English documents relating to this most remarkable campaign were purposely destroyed by the English authorities in order that the world might *not* know the completeness of the Irish victory and the disastrousness of the English defeat. It is only by "reading between the lines" of the Irish and English history that we can find out the truth. We know from English accounts that within three years very nearly 60,000 English soldiers landed in Ireland, that very few of them ever returned out of it, that every man of them was employed in the province of Leinster, that Art had no assistance of any importance at all from any of the independent Irish rulers of the period, that he fought the English solely with his own men from his own province, and that for forty years he reigned as complete a king, and as complete a master of his territories, as ever reigned in any age or in any country.

This is about all the salient facts that history tells us. Our Irish annals are, unfortunately, most defective in matters relating to the province of Leinster. Leinster had been, for a thousand years before Art MacMorrough was born, the Ishmael of the Irish penterchy. It was continually warred against by the other provinces in early times on account of the tribute, and after the Franco-English invasion on account of its king and people having been the cause of bringing those same Franco-English invaders into the country; consequently, with that unparalleled stupidity, shortsightedness and weakness so characteristic of most of the medieval Irish potentates, they allowed Art MacMurrough to fight his battles with the English absolutely alone. Ulster, Munster, and Connacht gave him no manner of aid; Meath and Dublin were in the power of the English; so that the whole area from which Art could recruit his army was comprised within the limits of the present counties of Wicklow, Wexford, Kildare, Kilkenny, and the King's and Queen's counties. The "Four Masters" give all possible praise to Art; but as their chronicles are almost entirely devoted to events that happened in the north and west of Ireland, what we learn from them about this greatest of Irish warriors and statesmen, is, unfortunately, very small.

Art has been called a statesman, and so he was. Had he had control of all Ireland, he would undoubtedly have been one of the greatest figures in medieval history, and might have ranked with Charlemagne or Louis the Ninth. Not like the O'Connors or the O'Neills, he never made war on his own feudatories, or sub chiefs. We cannot find out that he ever drew sword against the O'Byrnes of Wicklow, the O'Connors and O'Mores of Leix or any of the Leinster septs. He kept profound peace within his own borders, and battled only against the invaders. Every Saxon or Norman living within his territories had to pay him rent; he even levied his "blackmail," as it was called, on Dublin city; for the greater part of his reign, Dublin paid him eighty marks in gold yearly. The proud Ormonds of Kilkenny acknowledged him as their lord after he had killed the Earl of March, and heir to the English crown, in the battle of Kells. It is very curious and suggestive, the curtness with which all English historians have treated Richard's expedition against Art MacMurrough. As has been stated, it is quite evident that an immense amount of historic matter relating to the event has been destroyed. As a partial, if indeed not a complete proof of this, we know from Irish and English documents that Art died, or rather was poisoned in New Ross in 1418. Now we know from the very most authoritive sources that New Ross had been an English city from about the year 1210; that it was a place of great trade and prosperity, second only to Dublin in population and wealth, and that its walls were three miles in length; but for many years before Art's death he resided in New Ross. The question is, How did he get it? He must have fought, and fought hard for it; but history tells us nothing. The "Four Masters" do not tell us how or when Art took New Ross; but take it he did. If any documents ever existed—and they certainly must have existed—they are now lost. English annals say next to nothing about the battle of Kilmainham, where Art destroyed an English army under the very walls of Dublin, about the year 1400. The Irish annals alone mention this battle, and say that so utter was the defeat of the English that Art collected several tons of their arms, and caused their swords to be bent and thrown into ditches. An extraordinary verification of this occurred some thirty-five or forty years ago, when some public works were being executed at Kilmainham; a multitude of rust-eaten, bent iron swords were found flung together in heaps. They were evidently the swords of the slaughtered Englishmen that Art, in the pride of victory, caused to be bent and flung away.

Art MacMurrough was never defeated. His career was one of continual victory. The English first tried to cajole him with presents, and then tried to entrap him by treachery, but Art, according to the "Four Masters," escaped out of their hands by the valor of his arms and his prowess. No Irish hero, not even Red Hugh O'Donnell or Owen Roe O'Neill, achieved such triumphs over England as did Art MacMurrough O'Cavanagh, to call him by his full name. If we knew as much about him as we know about the later heroes of Irish history, we would find that in the long list of Ireland's heroes and martyrs, his name was the starriest and noblest of them all.

Art the unconquerable, the *Laomhan Laighin*, the Lion of Leinster, as the old chroniclers call him, at last fell by treachery. He and his chief Brehon, O'Doran, were poisoned by the same drink. The plot for his death was evidently created in Dublin Castle, but who the agents were is unknown. Thus fell the best of Ireland's independent rulers, the noblest and bravest that ever fought for her liberty.

THE CITIZEN expects to give soon some further particulars about the never conquered Art.

MRS ANNIE BRENNAN, wife of the Hon. John Brennan, of Sioux city, Iowa, died on the 29th inst. after a lingering illness. She was born in the county Roscommon, Ireland, about forty years ago, and was married to Mr. Brennan when quite young. No children blessed the union. Mrs. Brennan was a most amiable, and exemplary, woman, and her patriotic husband has the sincerest sympathy of his friend and admirers both in America and Ireland in his great affliction.

SETTLE WITH IRELAND.

That is What Gladstone Says in His Great Edinburgh Speech of Last Tuesday.

No Other Question of Politics in the British Empire Can be Adjusted Until the Irish are Attended To.

ENTHUSIASM IN EDINBURGH.

EDINBURGH, Oct. 21.—Mr. Gladstone delivered the first speech of his Scotch campaign to-day in the corn exchange, this city. There was a tremendous crush of people eager to see and hear the great liberal leader, and when the hall had been crowded to suffocation thousands of disappointed persons were left outside, to return home or listen to speakers of lesser note who addressed overflow meetings in the open air. The audience in the hall numbered about five thousand. Mr. Gladstone was enthusiastically greeted on making his appearance. He was in excellent health, his voice was clear and strong, and he spoke without visible sign of fatigue.

IN OPENING HIS ADDRESS

Mr. Gladstone remarked that, though many questions of importance were before the public, the problem which continued to eclipse all others and to demand the almost undivided attention of those who strove to promote the well being of the nation was the Irish problem. The country had come to recognize the fact that this question must be settled before other questions could be dealt with. It was one which affected the health and vitality of the state so intimately that, in truth, no other question could be properly considered while this remained in menace. The opponents of home rule had hoodwinked and deluded their constituencies before the election by pledging themselves not to rely upon brute force in the government of Ireland. They had promised to provide an effective system of local self-government for that part of the kingdom. They had put themselves on record as opposed to any advances from the British treasury for the purpose of buying estates from landlords in Ireland. How had these pledges, upon which the people had granted them the reins of the government, been adhered to in the actual history of their administration?

THE COERCION POLICY.

The very first important measure proposed by the present government on its accession to power, Mr. Gladstone said, was a measure for the government of the Irish people by coercion. This had been the favorite bantling of the tory fathers. True, a local government bill had been brought in, but it was a feeble offspring, poorly nourished, and so badly neglected that it was rapidly dwindling into nothingness. As to the third pledge, it had apparently been wholly forgotten, for in the proposal pending before parliament in regard to expropriation of Irish estates there was a provision by which forty million pounds of money drawn from the British people by taxation was to pass into the pockets of holders of land in Ireland.

Mr. Gladstone proceeded to discuss the provisions of the land purchase bill, and subjected the measure to a severe criticism, in which his well-known skill in financial analysis was exhibited so strikingly as to elicit round after round of applause from his closely attentive audience. Recurring to the subject of coercive methods of government, he remarked that the conservatives took credit upon themselves for setting Ireland right by means of a firm and resolute government. But so poorly had they earned the right to make such a boast, that it might truly be said, that defective though the law was, the administration of it was worse than the law itself. Indeed, so deplorable was the state to which affairs had been brought, that he would not hesitate to declare that the Irish people ought to hate the law, though he would not say that they ought to break it.

MR. GLADSTONE SAID

he would not sanction lawlessness, even though the Irish people had constantly before them an eminently bad example of lawlessness in quarters which should be the fountain head of legality. For the government of Ireland was itself a perfect pattern of unlawfulness, and its methods were such as could not fail to provoke among the people feelings of justifiable resentment. It was hardly necessary to mention particular instances of these illegal methods, for such instances had lately been conspicuously impressed upon the public mind. It was grossly illegal to close the court-room against the people of Tipperary. One of the rights of every British subject was that if tried he should be tried openly and in the public view. The appointment of Mr. Shannon, one of the trial magistrates to sit in judgment upon Messrs. Dillon, O'Brien, and other accused nationalists, was, while perhaps not technically illegal, a gross scandal, not merely because he had been previously called upon to act as an executive officer in dealing with the people now brought before him in his judicial capacity, but also because in the case of Mr. Dillon particularly there was a personal quarrel between the men, which it was only fair to assume must create a bias in the mind of the magistrate.

In dwelling upon

THE ACTION OF THE POLICE

in attacking respectable and peaceable citizens and visitors with batons, Mr. Gladstone remarked that after such misconduct on the part of the police at Mitchellstown, Tipperary and elsewhere, it would be expecting impossibilities to look for the maintenance of popular respect for the constabulary or their administration of law. Further than this, the systematic brutality of the police was crowned by the insult of chronic absenteeism on the part of responsible officials.

Mr. Balfour, the head of the Irish government, Mr. Gladstone continued, seemed to feel that it was no part of the business of a minister for Ireland to reside for any length of time in the country whose needs and demands he was supposed to be familiar with. It was absenteeism that formed one of the most significant signs of the lowest degredation reached by Ireland in the last century, and this practice had now been made the constant habit of the chief secretary, who had fairly flaunt his absence in the face of the people.

WHAT WAS THE CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY

as the result of such brutality and neglect? The government had the audacity to boast that Ireland had grown peaceable under its administration; yet it kept sixfold more armed policemen in Ireland than in the whole of England and Scotland. The British people were forced to pay £1,600,000 annually to support the police in Ireland for the purpose of assisting the landlords to collect their rents; at least, this was apparently the chief function of the constabulary. The English and Scotch landlords, who maintained fair and equitable relations with their tenants, did not ask the aid of the police in collecting their rents. Yet their occasional losses footed up more than those of the Irish landlords, thanks to the merciless severity of a land system backed by the batons and rifles of the police. Meanwhile, what has become of the promises for Irish local self government?

Mr. Gladstone challenged the government to grant a general election, and asserted with confidence that should an appeal to the country be allowed the result would prove that the people had been won over by conservative misgovernment to the approval of the experiment of home rule. With this great question settled on

TERMS HONORABLE ALIKE TO ENGLAND AND IRELAND,

the last fortresses of bigotry and oppression would succumb to the attack of liberal principles. Justice to Ireland would rid the empire of an intolerable nuisance and deep disgrace, and would gild with a brighter glow than any former period the closing years of Victoria's glorious(?) reign.

Mr. Gladstone's address was frequently interrupted by applause, and its close was followed by long-continued cheering. After a brief rest Mr. Gladstone, with his wife and a few intimate friends, attended the concert of Mme. Patti. A dense crowd gathered outside the building and wildly cheered the ex premier as he entered.

LONDON, Oct. 22.—The *Chronicle* ranks Mr. Gladstone's speech at Edinburgh among his finest oratorical efforts and says his scathing exposure of the coercion regime will tell upon the ministerial position. The *Telegraph* says that even the hackneyed nature of the subject failed to render the speech dull. The *Times* says that nothing duller or more threadbare could be conceived.

LOCAL CATHOLIC NEWS.

The new German church at Pullman will be called St. Nicholas' church.

The fair for the benefit of the Sacred Heart church netted about $3,000.

The Rev. Edward Gleeson, S.J., has resigned the rectorship of the St. Louis University.

The mission in St. Columbkille's church closed on Sunday last. The results were most gratifying.

A bazaar for the benefit of Holy Angels' church, on Oakwood boulevard, will open about Nov. 3

The Rev. Father Hodnett has commenced the erection of a new pastoral residence adjoining St. Malachy's church.

The Father Hagan Total Abstinance and Benevolent Society gave an entertainment on Friday evening in Carr's Academy, Lake and Wood streets.

St. Malachy's church choir sang at high mass last Sunday Lambillotte's mass in D, with organ and violin accompaniment; "Veni Creator," quartet, Weber; at the offertory, "Allelius," solo and chorus, with violin obligeto, Lambillotte's; finale air from Donigetti, organ and violin.

An entertainment was given in the large school hall of the parish of Our Lady of Sorrows on West Jackson street Tuesday evening. The exercises included a lecture on "Picturesque Ireland" by Dr. Francis Dillon Eagan. The proceeds will be applied in aid of the poor in charge of the St. Vincent de Paul Society.

OBITUARY.

BRIDGET AGNES MARTIN.

Sympathy, widespread and sincere is tendered to Officer Thomas Martin, of the West Thirteenth street police station, and his wife, on account of the death of their little daughter, Bridget Agnes, which took place at their residence, No. 34 Lunn Court, on Oct. 13th. Deceased was a very bright and promising child, and her affectionate ways endeared her to all friends of the family. Her parents are very sorely troubled over the loss of so precious a child, and to them life does not seem so much worth living for as when their darling child shed the light of her innocent presence on their home and brought the brightest of sunshine to their lives. The ways of providence sometimes seem harsh, especially when a beautiful and favorite child is snatched from loving parents, but the deep sorrow of Mr. and Mrs. Martin must be overcome by the thought that their loved one is now with the Redeemer who died to save us all. Bridget Agnes was taken ill on her third birthday and five days subsequently was summoned to a happier land. The interment was at Mount Olivet cemetery.

J. W. M.

THE Republican candidate for Senator in the Fifth District is the incumbent, Mr. James Monahan. His Democratic opponent is Mr. Joseph P. Mahoney, an ex-member of the state legislature. Both gentlemen made good records while in Springfield. The Independent candidate is Mr. Frank Fisler.

MR. CONRAD FOLZ, one of the best known German-American public men in Chicago, died in the latter part of last week at his city residence. His malady was pneumonia. Mr. Folz served several times as jailer of Cook county. His funeral was largely attended by all classes of citizens. The recent death of Mr. Emil Dietzch, ex-coroner, removed another picturesque figure from the midst of this community. Day by day, the old faces are disappearing from the places in which they were long familiar.

IRISH NEWS.

Interesting Items of General and Personal News from all Parts of Ireland.

LEINSTER.

A LANDLORD'S PET.

At the Pallipstown petty sessions an emergency caretaker named Alexander White was convicted of maliciously killing a goose, the property of a neighboring farmer, and fined 20s and costs. The police sergeant swore that White was the worst character that ever came into Pallipstown.

AN EVICTOR IN DANGER.

Lord Massereene is suffering from blood poisoning.

A SELF-SACRIFICING PATRIOT.

A movement has been set on foot in Kilkenny by the bishop of the diocese, the Most Rev. Dr. Brownrigg, to raise a fund in recognition of the life long services which the late Mr. Marum rendered to the tenant farmers of the country, and to recompense his family for the pecuniary sacrifices which he made while discharging public duties.

CHARGED WITH INTIMIDATION.

A respectable man named Thomas Hogan, a pig-buyer from Waterford, was arrested in Athy upon a warrant issued charging him with intimidating persons from buying pigs belonging to Mullins, the dismissed steward, who is acting the grabber in Luggacurren. He was brought before the magistrates at petty sessions and remanded for a week, bail to the extent of £100 being demanded for his appearance. Mr. Henry Flinter offered to go bail with any other for this amount, but as no one else turned up, Mr. Hogan was conveyed to Kilkenny jail.

KICKED BY A HORSE.

A horse trainer named Christopher Lee employed by Mr. Averett, Duleek, was in the act of putting reins on an untrained horse, when the animal lashed out with his hind legs, cutting open his face and forehead. He is progressing favorably in Drogheda workhouse hospital.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A creamery and butter factory has recently been established near Abbeyleix.

Kilkenny has contributed £130 to the Father Matthew Centennary Fund in Cork.

The Carlow town commissioners are about to take steps for the establishing of a horse fair in the town in the beginning of the year.

John Townsend Trench, the pious, has, it is believed, severed his connection with the management of the Luggacurren estate.

Miss Maggie Dunphy, daughter of Mr. Philip Dunphy, Coolbally, Aghaboe, the Queen's county, received the white veil in the Castlecomer convent.

The headquarters for the resident magistrate for North Meath has been changed from Kells to Navan, and Mr. Alfred Meldon, who succeeded Mr. George McCarthy last March, has come to reside at Ardmulchan House, near the latter town.

Patents have been issued to Stephen M. Yeates, of Grafton street, Dublin, for "improvements in tyres for the wheels on bicycles and other vehicles." Also to John T. Drought, Bachelor's walk, Dublin, for "Pneumatic harness;" and to Lambert J. Depping Hepenstal, Derrycassan, Granard, county Longford, for "improved rack for holding pens, pencils, paint brushes, artificers tools, and other articles.

A public house at Tullamore, the property of a widow named Mrs. Duane, was broken into and a quantity of brandy, etc, stolen. The police made no arrests.

The North Star Hotel, Amiens street, Dublin, was sold to J. C. Malone, of Dundalk, for £6 510 A plot of ground in Amiens street on which the houses Nos. 104 and 105 stand was sold for £1,800.

On Oct. 4, Messrs. Walsh & Son., auctioneers, put up for sale, in one lot, the interest of Mr. M. Kavanagh, P.S C, in his farms at Ballyhow and Garryloughcounty Wexford, containing about forty-one acres. The farms were knocked down to Mr. M. J. O'Connor, solicitor, on behalf of Mr. Thos. O'Leary, Kilcorral, for £450.

Whilst blasting some rocks at Drinagh cement works on Oct. 2, Laurence Maddock was severely hurt. He was conveyed to the county infirmary, where he is progressing favorably.

The local government board has sanctioned the loan of £1,300 to the Wexford corporation to cover expenses in construction of the new cemetery at Crosstown.

In Mullingar, on Oct. 2, a meeting in connection with the Westmeath National League convention was held. Mr. James Tuite, M.P., presided. Dr. Donal Sullivan, M.P.; Rev. P. Fagan, P.P.; Rev. J. Curry, P.P.; Rev. P. Duff, Adm., and Rev. E. O'Reilly, C.C., were among those present. Steps were taken for the appointment of delegates to attend the convention on Thursday, Oct. 16

MUNSTER.

A NEW RIFLE RANGE.

It is rumored that the government proposes establishing a new rifle range at the base of the Knockmealdown Mountains, about seven miles from Lismore, and purchasing a few thousand acres of the barren land there from the Duke of Devonshire for that purpose. It appears that a government inspector has been traveling through the south of Ireland for the past few weeks with the view of selecting a suitable range for the practice of the new magazine rifle, as the old ranges at present used at Fermoy, Youghal, and other places are considered too short for the new rifle. The inspector states that the best site he has seen for a suitable range is the one at Knockmealdown, and it is understood that he will report favorably to the government on the matter. The troops would encamp about seven months each year at the range, and it would become the practising ground for all the troops stationed in the south of Ireland.

A TORY TRICK.

A raid for arms took place near Broadford, county Limerick, recently. A party of twelve moonlighters visited the house of a man named Scanlan, some few miles from Monagay. From this a gun was taken. They then proceeded to the residence of a man named Dore in the parish of Ballymigan. The moonlighters fired two shots into Dore's house. In the meantime two policemen of the Glenquin station, who were on patrol duty, heard the report of the firing, and went toward Scanlan's. They traced the moonlighters as far as Dore's where they had been attracted by the report of the firing, and came upon the gang, but not close enough to effect a capture. The moonlighters fled in all directions, the police following in hot pursuit. Fearing that they could not make a capture the police fired upon the gang at random. As far as has been ascertained none of the shots took effect.

A SHADOW AT THE FEAST.

The Mullinahone Cricket Club played a return match with the Urlingford club on the grounds of the latter. The visitors were hospitably entertained after the match. Mr. P. F. Mullaly made a pretty little speech. Two of the Royal Irish did the "shadowing" during the entertainment.

A PRIEST TO BE EVICTED.

The Rev. William Rice, parish priest of Ladysbridge, who holds a plot of ground on the Ponsonby estate, has been served with ejectment for non payment of rent.

MR. COX, M.P., IN SCARRIFF.

Mr. Cox, M P., East Clare, accompanied by Mr. Dalton, M.P., West Donegal, arrived at Scarriff on the 8 h inst., and with a number of representative members of Mr. Cox's constituency attended a preliminary meeting held at the residence of Rev. Matthew Kenny, P.P., for the purpose of urging upon their parliamentary representative the necessity of securing immediate public works to relieve the apprehended destitution threatening East Clare during the coming winter. Capt. O'Callaghan Westropp stated to Mr. Cox the necessity of a light railway from Ennis to Scarriff. Mr. Edmond Slattery contended that the drainage scheme for the Scarriff river would be more essential and be a lasting benefit to a large amount of land in East Clare. Father Kenny and Capt. Westropp admitted this, and it was resolved to hold a public meeting at Scarriff on Tuesday, Oct. 14, to meet Mr. Cox, when the proposed schemes shall be fully discussed and resolutions concerning them adopted. Mr. Cox will spend the intervening time seeing to the wants of his constituents in East Clare.

MISCELLANEOUS.

On Sept. 29 the young man Timothy Lalor, charged with being concerned in the attack on the house of Henry O'Neill, of Caherminane, on the night of Aug. 18, and with having fired on a police patrol on the on the same occasion, was brought up on remand, at Ennistymon, when the case was again adjourned for a week.

On Sept. 29, in Waterford, a meeting of representatives of the several local bodies and clubs, presided over by the mayor, was held when it was decided that a monster demonstration should be held, Sunday, Oct. 19, to demand the unconditional release of John Daly and the other political prisoners confined in English jails.

The Most Rev. Dr. Egan, bishop of Waterford, has just made the following clerical changes in the diocese of Waterford: Rev. M. Foley, C.C., transferred from Kilrossenty to Abbeyside; Rev. M. McGrath, C. C., from Abbeyside to Knockanore; Rev James Queally, from Knockanore to Kilrossenty; Rev J. Meagher, from Christian Brothers to Kill and Newtown.

At the Listowel petty sessions, a young man, residing in Convent lane, named Maurice Griffin, was fined £4 for being in possession of a fishing gaff on the banks of the river Faill, under suspicious circumstances.

Danny Houlihan, a well known local character, was admitted to the infirmary, Nenagh, and on being searched the sum of £18 in silver, and thirteen penknives, were found in his clothing.

Mr. A. Webb, M.P. for West Waterford, addressed a meeting of his constituents at Lismore. The meeting was very large.

Mining operations have been suspended at the new Colliery on Maher's evicted farm at Lisnamrock, Slievardagh, Tipperary. The mine is boycotted.

The members of the St Colman's League of the Cross, Queenstown, presented an address and testimonial to their vice president, Mr. J. A. O'Connell, as a testimony of their appreciation of the services rendered by him to the cause of temperance.

The Earl of Shannon has completed his arrangements for taking up his residence at the Castle, Castlemartyr, county Cork.

An old man named Alick McMartin, who was employed in the carpenter's shop at the Waterford & Central Ireland Railway, Waterford, fell dead while at his work. Death was attributed to heart disease.

Miss Catherine Leahy, daughter of Mr. Patrick Leahy, Midleton, was last week received at the Presentation Convent, Mitchelstown, county Cork. The Very Rev. Dean O'Regan, P.P., V.G., presided at the ceremonies, and was assisted by Rev. Joseph D. Sexton, C. C., Mitchelstown.

Margaret O'Brien, of Mullinahone, one of the exterminating landlords has turned farm laborer. It was a beautiful picture, it is said, to see herself and her "henpecked" husband and half naked children binding corn on the evicted farms.

The police found part of a gun barrel in the house of a young man named Andrew Hehir, at Coroffin, county Clare, and placed him under arrest.

The house of Mr. Henry Faircloth, of Curragh, three miles from Ennis, was entered by a party of moonlighters, who carried away four guns, a rifle, and a bag of ammunition.

Owing to the increase of scarletina in Clonmel the schools are closed.

The Tramore season is now ended. It promised at the outset to be better than it subsequently turned out. The wet weather of July and August literally threw a damper on the prospects of the natives; nevertheless the "merry-go-round" of horses and busses, with all the other attractions of swing swong and shooting at the bull's eye, was a great "boom" and the proprietor is said to have made right well of his visit—in fact, the pence bled for him from every pore of native and new comer.

CONNAUGHT.

DEATH OF A NOTED MAYO MAN.

Mr. Charles O'Malley, "The Counsellor," as he was everywhere called, was at the Castlebar Petty Sessions, on Oct 1st, and while engaged in a case before the court he was taken suddenly ill, and died some hours afterwards, from heart disease. The deceased was one of the best known figures in the West of Ireland, and there were few more skilful criminal lawyers.

FISHERY AFFAIRS.

At the Mayo Quarter Sessions at Ballaine, his Honor Judge Richards and a large bench of magistrates, including Lord Arran, Colonel Orme, Major Paget, Reginald Knox, J. Pratt and J. V. Knox, the appeal of the Moy Salmon Fishery Company against a conviction of the justices fining them £5 or one month's imprisonment for erecting an illegal bridge across the "Queen's gap," at Ballina. Said bridge being a permanent structure, was decided in favor of the appellants, his honor holding, without going into the merits of the case, that the conviction of the justices was bad in law, and should therefore be reversed.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Killala Board of Guardians have received a letter from the Secretary of the Local Government Board, acknowledging their resolutions not to strike any extraordinary rate to meet the threatened distress owing to the alleged failure of the potato crop, in which he warns them that if they decline to grant the relief authorized by law to destitute persons, or refuse to make such rates for the purpose as may in the opinion of the Local Government Board be necessary, the management of the union will be transferred to other hands.

John Farrell Ballinasaffad Roscommon was evicted recently.

At the Athenry races a large attendance from the neighboring districts enjoyed the sport.

The committee of the privy council have decided to report to the lord lieutenant in favor of the scheme for the construction of the line from Tuam to Claremorris a distance of 17 miles.

The Most Rev. Dr. Gillooly has been staying at Boyle, where a three weeks' mission is being conducted by the Oblate Fathers.

The Bishop of Galway, the Most Rev. Dr. MacCormack, held a visitation at the parish of Claregalway. There were over two hundred children and adults for confirmation. There are three national schools in the parish, under the management of the popular pastor, the Rev. Father Cummings, P.P. The Rev. Father Dooley, P.P., preached an eloquent and impressive sermon in the Irish language, which was listened to throughout with devout attention.

Mr. Mooney, vice chairman of the Ballina Board of Guardians, died recently.

A woman named Anne Quarters, sustained serious injuries by being crushed between one of the wagons and the platform at Boyle railway station.

Mrs. Moran, who was living with her father on Inchigatreh Island, Lough Corrib, was recently found drowned in the lake.

ULSTER.

ORDINATIONS.

Most Rev. Dr. O'Doherty, Bishop of Derry, admitted four students to the order of priesthood in the long Tower Church. The names of the young priests are:—Rev. Francis McGeown, Badoney; Rev. Peter McGeown, Badoney; Rev. Walter O'Neil, Derry, and Rev. Bernard McWilliams, Bellinascreen. The Bishop pontificated at the mass, and was assisted by Very Rev. Prof. O'Brien, Limavavad; Rev. John Doherty, Adm., St. Eugene's; Rev. Hugh McMenamin, Adm., St. Columb's; Revs. James Hassan, James O'Kane and William O'Doherty.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Fathers Moore, Wheatley and Leybourn, Carmelites, Whitefriars street, Dublin, opened a mission in Strabane. The mission will continue for three weeks.

At Downpatrick Quarter Sessions two tramps named Patrick Quinn and Mary Denvir were charged with entering the Catholic Church at Saintfield, in August last, and stealing therefrom a number of china vases and brass candlesticks. The prisoners were sentenced to four months' hard labor each.

A draper named James Smith residing in Newtownhamilton committed suicide recently.

P. J. Burke, of Rathcarbery, near Armagh, was killed by a horse pressing him against a turf bank. His neck was dislocated and spine injured.

At the Belfast Police Court Thomas Clelland was returned for trial on the charge of stealing three £1 notes, the property of the postmaster general. Clelland was a postal official.

A large number of gentlemen from various parts of Ulster as well as several from England and Scotland, have, after mature consideration, formed the Lough Neagh Pure Distillery Company, limited. The promoters have secured the Glenconway Mills, about four miles from Lisburn, the property of Mr. S. S Brigge, Glenconway House, Glenavy, for their undertaking.

On Sept. 28 h, Rev. Thomas O'Doherty, professor St. Macarten's Seminary, Monaghan, late of Maynooth College, was raised to the priesthood by the Most Rev. Dr. Donnelly, Lord Bishop of Clogher.

Wm. Stewart, of Rosnamuck, Tyrone, fell over a bridge and was seriously injured.

James McKnight, of Mason's avenue, Stewartstown, was recently arrested and placed in the insane asylum, being a dangerous lunatic.

John Hall, of Lisnahanna, died very suddenly from heart disease.

John O'Neil, an employe on the Belfast and Northern Counties Railway and a resident of Belfast, was killed by falling from a tree at Carngranny, near Corkstown crossing.

A conger eel was recently captured near Hawk's Island in Strangford Lough by Samuel McCutcheon of Little Francis street, Newtownards. The leviathan measured eight feet in length.

A number of summonses for alleged perjury to the West Belfast revision courts have been issued by both political parties.

The privy council has sanctioned the Downpatrick, Killough and Ardglass light railway scheme.

James Kane, an Irish harvester, a native of Newry, was murdered in Edenburg by an Italian.

Rev. Father Flood and other members of the Kingscourt Covan branch of the I. N. L. are being persistently anadowed.

THE REASON WHY.

"When I was at the party,"
Said Betty (aged just four),
"A little girl fell off her chair,
Right down upon the floor;
And all the other little girls
Began to laugh, but me—
I did n't laugh a single bit,"
Said Betty, seriously.

"Why not?" her mother asked her,
Full of delight to find
That Betty—bless her little heart!—
Had been so sweetly kind.
"Why didn't you laugh, darling?
Or don't you like to tell?"
"I didn't laugh," said Betty,
"'Cause it was me that fell!"

—*Mary E. Bradley, in St. Nicholas for October*

A NEW IDEA embraced in Ely's Cream Balm. Catarrh is cured by cleansing and healing, not by drying up. It is not a liquid or snuff, but is easily applied into the nostrils. Its effect is magical and a thorough treatment will cure the worst cases. Price 50c.

Veni, Vidi, Vici! This is true of Hall's Hair Renewer, for it is the great conqueror of gray or faded hair, making it look the same even color of youth.

Collect Your Debts.

Prudent business men practice the above especially during November and December of each year. The proper method, judging from general experience, is to employ Sprague's Collecting Agency of Chicago, delivering to them every doubtful and "slow" claim as their methods bring cash from many slow debtors in a manner that is really surprising. They are thoroughly organized and prepared to collect all kinds of debts regardless of location of delinquents, and number among their patrons thousands of the best business men in all lines of trade throughout the country.

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Ladies' Dress Goods. Gents' Suits, Overcoats, Watches, Diamonds, and Jewelry. Manufacturers' Agent for Furniture, Pianos, and Sewing Machines. Country Cash Orders Filled at the Very Lowest Rates. Boys' Suits a Specialty.

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All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
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44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

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Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
349 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

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Tin Pie Crimpers, each ..... 1 cent
Best Stove Polish, per cake ..... 1 cent
1-lb Can California Salmon, packed at Black Diamond, per can. 9 cents
Lorillard's Fine Cut Tobacco, per lb ..... 25 cents
A Good Plug Tobacco, per lb ..... 23 cents
Toilet Paper, per roll ..... 3 cents
A 3-lb Can California Pears for ..... 19 cents
A 3-lb Can California Gold Drop Plums for ..... 12½ cents
A 3-lb Can California Green Gages for ..... 12½ cents
A 3-lb Can California Asparagus for ..... 10 cents
A 2-lb Can Sugar Corn for ..... 7 cents
A 3-lb Can Solid Meat Tomatoes for ..... 7 cents
¼ lb Can Ground Black Pepper for ..... 5 cents
Imported Edam Cheese, each ..... 59 cents

FRUITS IN TINS.

	Per can	Per doz
2 lb cans Strawberries	12½c	$1 50
2 lb cans Preserved Strawberries	19c	2 20
3 lb cans C. Bros. Table Peaches	20c	2 40
3 lb cans Finest California Table Peaches	27c	3.10
3 lb cans California Egg Plums	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Gold Drop Plums	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Green Gages	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans California Apricots.	21c	2 40
2 lb cans Sliced Pineapples	12½c	1 50
3 lb cans Grated Pineapples.	15c	1 50
2 lb cans Gooseberries	12c	1 30

VEGETABLES IN TINS

	Per can	Per doz
2- lb cans Lima Beans	12½c	$1 45
3-lb cans Stringless Beans	10c	1 15
3- lb cans Baked Beans	15c	1 60
3- lb cans Sweet Potatoes	15c	1 60
2 lb cans Fancy Mar. Peas	11c	1 25
3- lb cans Solid Meat Tomatoes	8c	92
Fine French Mushrooms	18c	2 00
Fine small French Peas	15c	1 70
2 lb cans Advance Corn	8c	80
2- lb cans Princess Sugar Corn	9c	90
2 lb cans Tremain Sugar Corn	9c	1.05
2- lb cans "Baby" Sweet Corn	11c	1 25

This corn is like the babies—tender and sweet.

FISH IN TINS.

1 lb cans Alaska Salmon	9c	1 05
1 lb cans Columbia River Salmon	15c	1 65
1 lb cans Salmon Steaks	19c	2 10
1 lb cans Lobsters	21c	2 40
1 lb cans Cove Oysters	11c	1 20
2 lb cans Cove Oysters	17c	2 00
American Sardines in oil	5c	58
Mustard Sardines, large cans	10c	1 15
Imported Sardines, in oil	16c	1 85
1 lb cans Mackerel	10c	1 10

FLOUR.

Fancy Minnesota Patent Flour	5.78
Washburn's Superlative Patent	5.78
H. R Eagle & Co.'s Best Minnesota Patent Flour	6.28

Our "Best" Patent Flour is made exclusively for us by one of the best mills of Minnesota. It is made from selected No. 1 hard wheat, and we will guarantee it to be the finest flour in the market and to please every time.

Finest Old St. Louis Winter Wheat Flour	5.18

SOAPS.

40 bars Standard Family Soap for	$1.00
22 bars Babbitt's Best Soap for	1.00
22 bars Fairbank's Santa Claus Soap	1.00
20 bars Werk's German Mottled Soap for	1.00
20 bars Best Family Soap for	1.00
100 bars Kirk's White Cloud Soap for	5.00

TEAS---Japans.

BASKET-FIRED OR UNCOLORED.

A Good Japan, per lb ..... 25 cents
A New Crop Japan, per lb ..... 35 cents
A Pic Leaf Fancy New Crop Japan, per lb ..... 50 cents

Oolong.

A Good Drinking Oolong, per lb. 25 cents
A Fine Formosa Oolong, per lb. 35 cents
A New Crop Fancy Oolong, lb. 50 cents

Gunpowders.

A Good Drinking Gunpowder, lb. 25 cents
A Moyune Gunpowder, per lb. 35 cents
A Fancy Smooth Drinking Moyune Gunpowder, per lb ..... 50 cents

H.R. EAGLE & CO.,
GROCERS, 68 WABASH-AV.

SOME THINGS WORTH KNOWING.

Those desiring to furnish a house, throughout or in part, should not fail to call on

ULICK BOURKE,
The House Furnisher,
302 W. Madison Street, Chicago,

And make an inspection of his

Furniture, Carpets, Stoves, Etc.

For quality and stock no other Furniture House in Chicago can excel, and in price no other can compare.

He has always on hand everything in the line of Household Goods, and at prices so reasonable that if you call you will be certain to purchase because:

1st. He states but plain facts, no nonsense.
2d. His Furniture and Household Goods will be sold on easy payments at spot cash prices.
3d. All goods warranted as represented or money refunded.
4th. He manufactures his own goods, and for style and durability cannot be excelled.

ULICK BOURKE,
The House Furnisher,
302 W. Madison Street.

ESTABLISHED IN CHICAGO IN 1867.

GORE'S EUROPEAN HOTEL.

This excellent hotel freshly furnished and equipped throughout in first rate style, thoroughly fire proof and with unsurpassed facilities for heating, ventilating, etc., is well worthy the attention of intending visitors. The Manager, Mr. N. D. Laughlin, gives his personal attention to seeing that each and all of his guests are made as comfortable as possible. The position of Gore's European Hotel especially commends itself as being central to all the principal railway depots, theatres, etc of the city. Attached to the hotel is a first-class restaurant.

THE MASTER BUILDER.

The Truth is a builder that buildeth slow
Yet builds exceedingly strong;
Each seeming, inconsequent trivial part
Is tried with the test of a master's art;
With the delicate touch of an artist's hand
The lightest and tiniest grain of sand
Is arranged in its place in that edifice grand
Whose architect never goes wrong.

The Truth is a builder that few may know,
The work is so wondrously still;
Noiselessly, ceaselessly delving the earth,
Selecting, inspecting each object of worth,
Exploring the depths of the sea and the air
Or the realms of the infinite everywhere
Treasure of value beyond compare
Is gathered with consummate skill.

The Truth is a builder that buildeth slow,
Yet the edifice stands for aye;
When glittering records of warrior's deeds,
Bewildering rules of philosophers' creeds,
The dogmas of schools and political schemes,
Fanatical follies, enthusiasts' dreams,
And all of the rubbish with which the world teems,
As stubble has vanished away

The Truth is a builder that few may know
And yet all the world may see;
For tribute is levied at every one's door,
The weak and the humble each add to the store,
And in that great future how great the surprise
If we, as the shadows escape from our eyes,
Find the simple have often done more than the wise
In building that home for the free.
—Washington Post.

AWAY DOWN SOUTH.

I am happier now than when I last went down south.

Why?

Because they are all home again.

You see, Fannie got homesick, and I got homesick—or rather sick of home—and I went down after them.

It was a sweet old ride as we went merrily dancing, dancing down the Georgia Southern.

Autumn days and autumn dreams had taken the place of drowsy scenes and brazen skies of summer.

Cotton fields, where the last furrows of the "laying by" were scarcely dried when we went down, were growing white for the harvest.

And the broad acres where then the Georgia melons grew and fattened under the genial influences of sun and dew and summer rain looked grass grown and desolate.

The bleaching remains of those that were left by the harvesters dotted the fields, and reminded one of the buffalo plains of Dakota, where the herds have been slaughtered and their skulls left to bleach on the broad expanse of grassy prairie.

And there were many other changes in field and forest. The dogwood had begun to flaunt its red banners in the thickets, and the hickory nuts were getting large enough to furnish a juicy dessert to the brown squirrel after his feast of savory pine mast.

And the long, undulating expanse of wire grass levels were growing brown, even as the billows of the sea change from emerald green to sober brown as the sun sinks down in the western sky.

But when I got down there—away down south—they treated me like company folks.

There was where I wanted to go, across the river and over on the Ocopilco. I met a fair haired girl there years agone, who put an end to a good deal of my foolishness. I had always been a susceptible cuss, and had made love to everything from the Okeefenokee to Tampa bay, but when I met her that settled it.

I met her at one of those country affairs which they call shindigs down there. I was one of the greatest shindigers in the whole layout then. I'd jump around by the hour with those jolly young people and sing:

All around the merry pole,
The merry pole, the merry pole,
All around the merry pole,
As merry as we can be!

She was not like the rest of them. She was very much different. They called her proud because she did not go into these things with as much gusto as they. They had some kissing games that night, and I kissed along promiscuously with the rest, until I came to this damsel, and lo! I was taken aback.

She would not be kissed, and that put me on my mettle.

I talked to her a great deal that night, and somehow I did not romp around and kick up as much as usual.

Oh, the golden days that followed!

That was in the winter, and many a crisp evening have I mounted my black horse Pompey and galloped away over the hills for the sole purpose of getting a glimpse of those rosy cheeks and a shy glance of those blue eyes.

I had to do all the courting, and with very little encouragement at that. She would cut up with other fellows, make me as jealous as old Dan Tucker, but when I tried to make any advance she quietly withdrew and left me to my own devices.

I used to go there Sunday evenings. Gallop down the big road, up to the gate and tie my horse to one of the rings in the big oak at the front of the gate. Her old, gray headed father, dear old man, would meet me at the door and welcome me. He knew I was his meat for an hour or two. He'd rather argue Scripture than eat, and I have suffered martyrdom trying to listen to him, when every tap of a light step on the floor would make my heart jump into my throat.

He meant well, and no doubt he enjoyed it, but it was perdition to me. After a while she would put in an appearance, and I would sit there and fumble with my hands, cross and recross my legs, make foolish remarks and do all that I did not want to do for the balance of the evening.

But as the skies of winter threw off their mantle of gray and spring began to dawn upon the hills, and the whip-poor-wills began to chant in the thickets, and crickets chirped and woodsy musk arose from leafy places life began to take on a deeper meaning for me.

She never missed an engagement. If she promised to be at home on a certain Sunday evening she was always there. And, bless her sweet soul, she was there most all of them, and so was I.

Pompey got so he knew the way so well that all I had to do was to drop the bridle reins and give a chirrup, and straightway he was off in that direction at a gallop, and he would go right up to the hitching place and stop.

I'm not going to tell you how one warm spring evening, when the twilight was falling, we stood up close to the water shelf at the end of the lovely piazza, and I became very nervous, and I tried to say something, and I don't know hardly what I did mutter out, and how she just nodded her head the tiniest little bit, and then—

I kissed her!

When I mounted Black Pompey an hour later I just gave him loose rein, and we went cantering along the big, white road like something wild.

The warm breeze blew softly on my flushed cheek, and the scent of the hawthorn blossoms welled up from the dim woods, and I was very, very happy as I murmured:

Stars, let me hear you shout,
Oh, leaves, hang not so still!
Wind, call your music out;
My love has said, "I will;"
Oh, hour that bankrupts joy
But perfects nature's plan,
This morn I was a boy,
But now I am—a man.

Then came the long, sweet season, the days of golden anticipation, the nights of delicious dreams.

I used to hang around her at church, and when they would go down to the spring after water it used to make me feel awful badly for any one else to hand her a dipper of water. I wanted to do that myself.

[Had anybody told me then that one day I would lie in bed while she got up and wrestled with the kindling of an obstinate fire I would have indignantly refuted the suggestion.]

Somehow she always kept me at a distance. I had a sort of dude cousin that was older and better looking than I, and she would go on powerfully with him, but the moment I would dare attempt a little playful familiarity she would swallow her tongue.

[Had any one told me then that one day she would call me up to confessional and lay down certain precepts and maxims of moral conduct and good behavior, I should have scorned the imputation.]

That was after we were engaged, too. She would greet me as coolly and call me "Mister" when I would go to see her, and it was only after I had exhausted every effort of brain and tongue that away long late in the evening she would thaw out a little, and her eyes would shine something like two stars in a summer sky.

Talk about literature, why I told that girl more love stories than, if they were printed, you could stock in any book store in town.

I didn't know then, as I afterward learned, that she would peep through the window and watch for my coming, and that the dear heart would go pit-a-pat at the sound of the hoof beats of Black Pompey. Nor did I dream that she would remain in her room for some time to get the blush out of her tell tale cheeks and to string up her nerves to give me a dignified greeting.

She was awful cunning, with all her innocence, and all these years and cares of wedded life have but sharpened her wits, and to me she grows more incomprehensible every day.

She knows just as well as I do when I am perjuring myself and trying to whip the devil around the stump to clear myself of some misdeed.

Summer came and went, and the sweet autumn time arrived in all its gorgeous splendor. I had been busy as a bee all that year getting ready for a certain important event that was set to happen at some indefinite period.

We had a quarrel or two, as all lovers have, and once we broke it all up and I stayed away two whole weeks. I got powerfully independent, and began to lavish my wounded affections on Black Pompey. I bought a new saddle and bridle and a beautiful saddle cloth, and curried Pompey and rubbed him till his hide shone like silk. I resolved to leave the fickle sex to their own devices, and lead a life of freedom somewhere far away, and assured myself that I'd soon forget this trifling episode.

And I succeeded beyond my expectations, for three whole days. But somehow I wanted to go back to the old church once more, and see all the dear familiar faces ere I took my departure for foreign parts.

There was a big to do at Sardis that day, and when I started for a stroll down to the old spring I found a group of young people sitting under the shade of the trees waiting for services to begin. They were laughing and talking right merrily, and in the midst of the group sat the only woman on earth to me.

She had not fallen into any green and yellow melancholy. No, sir; she was just as fresh and bright and piquant as could be, and her laugh was the merriest of the merry.

"Well," thought I, "you don't seem to miss me worth a cent. I believe that since I have given you a rest you have improved."

But who was that sitting by her toying with her fan?

It needed no second glance to confirm my worst suspicions.

It was that jackanapes whom I superseded when I first began paying her attentions. The presumptuous fellow was trying to be restored to her good graces.

"Ah, my fine fellow," thought I, "you shan't do that. I'll have my revenge on you. I'll just make up with her long enough to send you to the dingnation bow-wows, and then I'll cut loose and go on about my business."

But, my God, what a time I had! She greeted me with a casual greeting, and kept on talking with him, and I was too proud to push myself forward. When they started for the church she got right in the center of the party, and I was left alone with my offended dignity.

I suffered in silence for many long hours that day, but along late in the afternoon, when they were all going home, I watched my opportunity. Riding close up to her I dismounted and was at her side before she hardly knew it.

"May I speak a word to you?" I asked, and it was in a tone of abject humility that I uttered the words.

"Yes," she said simply, turning those blue eyes full upon me, and I saw that the angel of mercy was hovering around that brown head and I was comforted.

By the time the first star peeped tremulously forth from the purpling arch of heaven we were talking and laughing like two happy children, heedless of all the world save the little heaven self created, in which it was bliss ineffable to simply live.

After that the sun shone with a tenderer light, the stars took on a more beneficent glow, and there was a misty sweetness on the softened skies. That little disagreement did more to draw her out than anything, and I believe even now that every quarrel we have increases our attachment.

I began to cast about for some scheme to ask the old gentleman a very important question. But he was so full of politics and religion that I could never decoy him into a discussion that would lead up to the point.

At last one evening late we were sitting on the back porch rather close together, when the old man came stalking around with a favorite grandchild in his arms. Suddenly he turned the little chap toward me and blurted out: "Ask that young man if he thinks I will ever have another as fine looking grandson as you."

"Great Cæsar! the goose bumps went racing up and down my spinal column, and when I glanced at her I observed that her face had caught the reflection of the sunset glow on the western sky.

And the old man went pudging off just as unconcerned as if he had said nothing whatever to embarrass anybody.

"Ahem!" I muttered; "that settles it. I am going to attack the old fellow, front, flank and rear, right now. I'm going to know whether or not that was meant as a hint to me. No man shall"——

"I don't understand you," she replied, looking just as innocent as a lamb.

"Yes, you do, and it is no use playing the hypocrite about it, although it is quite charming. I am going to ask him if he is willing to give you up without a row, or if I shall be compelled to steal you out of the back window at dead of night, and carry you off behind me on Black Pompey. While I speak to him you might as well be making up your mind about the date of the wedding."

"If you go to pappy with any nonsense you needn't come back to me any more. Why, I'll never hear the last of it"——

"I can't help that; you'll have to get used to it some time. Excuse me for a few minutes"——

"Oh, please don't"——

But I was gone. The fact is I really enjoyed the fact that I was putting her in a flutter.

[Poor ignorant cuss, I didn't know till long afterward that she peeped through the window and watched me when I approached the old man, and kept putting my hands in my pockets and pulling them out again, and stood on first one foot and then the other like a schoolboy trying to recite a lesson that he is afraid he has not fully memorized. And she was just dying with laughter all the while that I imagined she was hot and cold with fear and doubt.]

The old man was very kind, and considering it was the first and only time that I ever asked anybody for as big a thing as a full grown woman I came out very well.

At least I got what I asked for, and a nice little admonitory lecture concerning her being the pet of the family, and that I must treat her well, and she was a good girl and so forth and so on.

* * * * * *

Well, when I went down there we had our little romance over again. We walked down the big road in the gloaming and talked as lovers talk, and we sat side by side in the twilight, and I held that hand in mine and felt that every pulse beat was a lesson of faith and devotion.

I called the attention of the old man to my sons, and he took me by the hand and said that taking all things into consideration they were mighty fine boys, worthy of any grandaddy in the district. —Montgomery M. Folsom in Atlanta Constitution.

The Fickle Alarm Clock.

The workings of the cheap alarm clock are beyond understanding. One of these fickle inventions took it into its cranky head to stop short the other night, apparently for no reason in the world. It was a simple case of "pure cussedness." Violent shaking, gentle coaxing, resetting and rewinding had not the slightest effect on the willful mechanism. Finally the owner, in despair, pushed it aside on the table. He pushed it too far, for it fell to the floor with a rattle and slam. It at once gave a lively chirrup, started merrily on its way and has been trotting faithfully along with Father Time since that moment. If it should stop again the owner says that he should not now be alarmed. He would pick it up and play football with it for a while, since this seems to be the best way to repair it.—New York Tribune.

Equal to the Occasion.

A family of new wealth in Washington have just set up a butler. The head of the family formerly lived in Michigan, and some friends from this state have recently been visiting them. Among them was a lady who had known them for many years. One day at dinner she wanted some bread. The bread basket was within easy reach of the host, and the guest asked him to pass it to her, but he shook his head.

"Daren't," he said grimly; "Maria's got her eye on me, and if I didn't wait for the butler she'd give me Jessie as soon as she got me alone."—Detroit Free Press.

Where They Go.

Laundryman—Does Mr. Robinson furnish a list of his collars and cuffs when he sends them?

Assistant—No, sir.

Laundryman—Than hand me over one of his collars. I'm going to the ball this evening.—Clothier and Furnisher.

RENEWING HIS LEGS.

A MAIMED SOLDIER GETS A NEW LIMB EVERY FIVE YEARS.

Or He May Have Its Equivalent in Money. Many Scarred Veterans Take Advantage of the Latter Proviso—In Fact the Vast Majority Prefer the Lucre.

A law passed by congress in 1870 declared that every soldier or sailor who had lost a limb, or the use of it, in the service of this country should be supplied with an artificial one to replace it once every five years, at the government's expense. Or, it was provided that if the beneficiary did not wish to take the limb he should be paid its cash value instead. Now, an artificial limb is a pretty costly thing, and many an old soldier prefers to stump aroumd on a wooden peg and put his $75 in his pocket. That is the amount given as "commutation," so called, for a leg, $50 being the amount paid for an arm.

It must be remembered that the law covers not merely limbs lost but also limbs rendered useless. A man whose hand has been disabled by a contraction of the fingers, resulting from disease or injury incidental to service, is entitled to an artificial arm; if his foot has been amputated above the ankle he is entitled to a whole artificial leg. Of course there are many more old soldiers who have disabled limbs than have lost them, and they necessarily draw the money.

VETERANS PREFER MONEY.

Thus you will find that out of 18,000 veterans who receive this bounty from the government every five years only about 800 call for actual arms and legs, the rest accepting cash instead. Perhaps as many as 600 more prefer to go without the artificial legs they need as a measure of economy, using stumps or crutches instead. The one armed men take their checks nearly every time. When the law was first passed nearly as many arms were called for as legs, but the cripples soon discovered by experiment that, while an artificial leg is a most useful piece of mechanism and a fair substitute for the real article, the best false arm is hardly more than a thing for ornamental purposes. So it came about that there have been few applications for arms since, ninety-nine legs being made at government expense for every arm.

The average leg of the best quality lasts about eight years, and those of the veterans who use them are mostly accustomed to make them do for ten years—though they may get somewhat dilapidated and shaky in the joints toward the end—being thus enabled to draw their $75 every other five years. The government has a list of about forty artificial limb factories in all parts of the United States from which the veterans may make their own selection, so that any one may have his leg or arm turned out by any of these establishments that he prefers. All of the manufacturers on the list are under bonds of $10,000 each to supply old soldiers with satisfactory goods.

It is provided incidentally by the law that the person needing the limb and being provided with a certificate for it shall be given free transportation from his home to any city he desires where a factory is situated, with sleeping car accommodations, and return. Thus a veteran in New York may desire to be measured for a leg in San Francisco, and if so is entitled to a trip across the continent and back once in five years in a Pullman palace car free of expense. He must pay for his meals en route, however.

HOW LEGS ARE MADE.

Since the war, which necessarily created an enlarged demand for artificial limbs, there has been vast improvement in their manufacture. Legs are made so admirably now that one can walk with artificial limbs so well as to exhibit very little difficulty in the gait. Willow or basswood is the material used. The lumber is most carefully selected, and cut into blocks eight inches square and four feet long. Holes are drilled through these blocks lengthwise with an auger, and they are allowed to season for three years. Then they are ready for use.

The block is carved and sandpapered into shape as exactly like a real leg as possible. Next it is hollowed out to the desired thickness, after which it is covered with kid and the surface rendered waterproof by a coating of a peculiar varnish. The lower part of the limb is connected with the upper by an ingenious knee joint, and the whole interior of the leg is filled with mechanism in which a spiral spring plays an important part.

A veteran is entitled by law to one limb or its equivalent in money for each amputation suffered, so that some old soldiers who have no limbs left that are of any use get four new ones every five years, or $250 if they prefer. Out of all legs lost by men 33 per cent. are amputated because of war, and only 15 per cent. on account of disease, 31 per cent. of the cases being due to railways, which are thus seen to occasion the loss of almost as many as battle.

It should not be forgotten to mention that not merely the veterans of the war, but all soldiers and sailors, and civilians as well, who lose a limb or the use of it in the service of the United States are entitled to the bounty described once in five years.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Tea Plants of India.

The tea plant grows wild through these Himalaya hills, and in some of the regions it attains the dimensions of a large tree. It was probably introduced from here into China. Still, it is now only about half a century since tea culture was commenced in India, and now there are many Indian tea men who prophesy that Indian tea will eventually push Chinese tea out of the markets of the world.—Frank G. Carpenter's Indian Letter.

The Duke of Portland is 33 years old and one of the fattest men in the United Kingdom. His girth increases almost visibly, and he is daily becoming more ponderous.

Three little Maidens with their Skipping Rope,
Forget that they were sent for SANTA CLAUS SOAP.
YOUR GROCER Sells it.
SANTA CLAUS SOAP, MAKES WASHING VERY EASY.
Standard Quality and Weight.
Three little Maidens with faces to the Wall,
Are crying as loud as they can bawl.
MADE ONLY BY N.K.FAIRBANK & CO.—CHICAGO.

A Word for the Dude.

I am moved to say a word in defense of the dude. The primal meaning of the word was intended to convey the idea of a forceless, vapid, useless nonentity, of less account in the world than foam, and as superfluous as a second handle to a teacup. But more and more the word is becoming estranged from its original import. It is getting to be quite the thing to revile a young man for wearing clean linen and maintaining a courteous demeanor. The very fact that he is a gentleman both in apparel and conduct is enough to let loose all the dogs of ridicule upon him.

Ride in any street car, full of tobacco spitting, mannerless boors, and see how the sneer goes round if there appears in their midst a gentleman who wears gloves, is exceedingly polite and refrains from the everlasting expectoration! If he is faultlessly attired the last straw is added to forbearance, and he is stigmatized as a "dude." A pretty pass we have come to when all the pleasant attributes of courtesy, consideration, cleanliness and civility are at a discount in public places, and only the riotous, rough and elbowing, pushing, inconsiderate boors are held high in popular estimation.

Cleanliness is not incompatible with mankind, neither is it necessary to chew tobacco, go unshaven and unkempt to prove yourself a son of Mars or a descendant of Thor. Brawn of muscle and brawn of brain are enviable possessions, but they need the setting of innate good breeding and wholesome personal appearance to make them effective, just as the finest picture that ever was painted is greatly enhanced in value by a setting and a frame.—Chicago Herald.

The Smile and the Laugh.

"The chief characteristic that I notice in my friends after a long separation from them," remarked a gentleman recently, "is that they laugh less than they used to."

"Do you not consider that encouraging?" asked a lady present. "Is it not a sign of increased sense that people grow more serious as they grow older?"

"I—I hadn't thought of that," said the first speaker hesitatingly. "I simply thought that they had grown sadder."

"'Sadder' and 'wiser' have not been wedded for nothing in time honored proverb," laughed the lady.

"I had thought of my aged contemporaries hertofore as only to be pitied. I shall think of them after this as also to be congratulated," admitted her friend.

Probably there is nothing more absurd in a small way than the spectacle presented to the disinterested looker on by your smiling man as he appears in public, walking up the aisle of a church or riding in a car. However sweet and amiable the spirit signified by his perennial simper the simplicity of mind argued by such a "wearing of one's heart upon on's sleeve" is too patent to be agreeable. The habitual smiler or laugher, whatever else he may be, can never be a man of deep thought nor of any other depth, unless, perhaps, a hypocritical Shakespearean villain.—Christian Union.

Gen. Blank's Appeal.

Speaking of heroes recalls a good story that is current in political circles. At a congressional convention up in the state there was a number of candidates. As is the custom, each man was called upon to make a speech. Each, save one, made a modest address, and when Gen. Blank was presented the convention was quite enthusiastic. "Put it mildly, general, put it mildly," a friend whispered as Gen. Blank came forward.

"Gentlemen of the convention," said Gen. Blank as he faced the crowd of delegates and laid his hand over his heart, "you behold in me a veteran of three wars. I served the country during the rebellion. When I laid down my arms I fought in the cause of prohibition. I have fought for my country, my principles and my God," he said solemnly, "and, gentlemen of the convention," he added, expanding his chest and rolling his eyes in a frenzy that was said to be fine, "you see before you a patriot. Oh, God!" he exclaimed as he patted his chest, "what a record! What a hero!"

The silence was intense, and it was about to be broken by cheers and applause when a newspaper reporter on the stage said in a loud voice, which was heard distinctly all over the hall, "Oh, heavens! what an ass!" The convention broke into laughter that was long continued. Gen. Blank did not get the nomination. — Cincinnati Commercial-Gazette.

Theatrical Stars on the Bowery.

I shall never forget those old stock days. There were rehearsals during the day and long performances at night. It was hard to snatch time for meals, and we almost lived in the theatre. The east side of New York was then a potent factor in theatrical's. The Old and New Bowery theatres were very popular playhouses, and among the stars who appeared there were the three Booths, Joseph Jefferson, James and Lester Wallack, Edwin Eddy, John Brougham, Lawrence Barrett, Charlotte Cushman, Kate Bateman, Laura Keene, Edgar L. Davenport and George L. Fox.—Sol Smith Russell in Kate Field's Washington.

Two Metallic Representatives.

The following was recently told us by a Galveston high school teacher: At one time there was visiting in that city the famous Tom Ochiltree and Mr. Mackay, the California millionaire, and the teacher gave out one day "Our Visitors" as the subject for a composition. Among those which were submitted was one by a bright girl which commenced as follows: "We have in our midst two distinguished visitors, Mr. Mackay and Tom Ochiltree, representing respectively gold from California and brass from Texas."—Boston Traveler.

A Mild Suggestion.

Customer—I want to get a material that won't hold the dust.

Tailor—Then I would suggest that you raise the dust first.—Clothier and Furnisher.

Safety Indicator for Elevators.

The frequency of mishaps to elevators has drawn attention to the necessity of adopting reliable devices for insuring the safety of passengers. In addition to the many patents which have been taken out with this object in view, a device has just been brought out whereby the condition of the automatic safety attachments to a passenger or freight elevator will be audibly manifested at every reciprocal movement of the elevator car. The elevator is fitted with a system of levers, and a spring for controlling them or releasing them when they are required to engage the teeth of the racks running at the side of the elevator shaft, and thus instantly stop the car.

To prevent accident from an inoperative or defective spring an alarm or signal bell is provided, and each time the supporting cable is slackened from any cause the bell is sounded. Should the bell fail to ring on the car reaching the bottom of the shaft, the absence of the signal would be an indication of a defect calling for immediate attention.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Quite Sufficient.

Different persons have different ideas as to the best way of giving enjoyment to their guests; but there is one form of entertainment which was for some years very popular, but is now somewhat out of vogue. This is the taking of guests to cemeteries, which, while often beautiful, and in a way full of interest, are liable to inspire melancholy thoughts and sad memories.

A young girl who had been paying several visits in an eastern city at last came to the house of a friend of her mother's, who had a daughter about the age of the guest.

"Now, if to-morrow's a pleasant day, we'll take a drive in the afternoon," said the young hostess the first evening; "is there any particular place to which you'd like to go?"

"No, I think not," replied the guest. "At least," she added truthfully, "I should like to go anywhere except to the cemetery. I don't care about going there again, as I have been driven there five times already."—Youth's Companion.

Private Schooling in New York.

It costs on an average $600 for forty weeks' schooling in the fashionable girls' boarding school of New York, the extras for washing, baths, medical attendance, calesthenics, lectures on art, ethics and the society fads, and the indispensable seat at the opera, concert, drama and church amounting to $300. Special instruction in music, dancing and the language is a separate and distinct business arrangement with the professor. Day boarders pay $300, but there are extras for fires and lectures amounting to about $60 a year.—Exchange.

The Perils of Democracy.

Uncle Giles (a pessimist)—This country is drifting into monarchism, sir!

Frank—How's that, uncle?

Uncle Giles—Why, all the men are aping the Prince of Wales, and all the women are becoming King's Daughters!—Munsey's Weekly.

The vulture is 100 times as large as the swallow, but its wings are only fifteen times as large. The Australian crane weighs 3,000,000 times as much as the common gnat, yet the latter has 150 times as much wing surface per unit of weight.

GIRLS WHO DISAPPEAR.

A DETECTIVE TELLS HIS EXPERIENCE WITH SUCH CASES.

Disappointment in Love, Severity of Treatment from Parents and a Desire to See the World Some of the Causes. A Very Romantic Episode.

"Men of our calling who make a specialty of criminal cases run across some very romantic stories," said Detective J. M. Fuller to a reporter. "The thought has occurred to me that should I ever desire to change my profession and become a newspaper man I would have a good stock of yarns to spring on an unsuspecting public, and could earn good space for several weeks without having to hustle around very much after material.

"Tell you some of the stories?" he queried in reply to the reporter's intimation to that effect. "Well, as there is no likelihood of my changing professions in the near future I will give you one of the stories I had thought of writing. It is about the disappearance of young girls. It is the most interesting of all the topics I have got, and as a matter of fact it is in that line that private detectives in New York find the most and more profitable of their work. In my own experience, which extends over a period of about twenty years, I have been called upon to investigate the disappearance, either voluntary or otherwise, of at least 100 girls of all ages from all parts of the country.

WHY MANY GIRLS LEAVE HOME.

"I only do a small share of the work that is done in that line, however. Taking into consideration the number of detectives who do as much in that line as myself, it is fair to assume that at least 5,000 girls disappear from their homes every year. Some of them are recovered and some are not.

"Some of my cases have been very romantic, and others just the reverse; mostly the reverse. The causes leading up to the disappearances are as numerous as the cases themselves. Disappointment in love, a fancied wrong, severity of treatment by parents, a desire to see the world, the evil influences of improper association, the oily tongued roue and temporary insanity are some of the excuses made. Then there is another class of disappearances which properly come under the head of kidnaping, and still another, where the parents are at loggerheads or have separated, and one side or the other steals the child, and in nearly every case, as strange as it may seem, the child is a girl.

"I recall a case I had a few years ago where a mutual separation took place between the editor of a well known southern paper and his wife. The terms of the separation were satisfactory to both parties, and they went their ways. The couple had a lovely little girl, 12 years of age, who by a provision of the agreement was to be sent to a convent to be educated, and access to her granted to each side. Shortly after the drawing of the papers the wife came to New York, and stopped on her way at the convent. By cunningly misrepresenting the circumstances she induced the lady superior to give her possession of the child for one day.

RECOVERING A GIRL.

"The child was smuggled aboard a train and by the next morning was beyond reach. Then the wife wrote to the husband, saying that until certain unreasonable money demands were complied with she should retain the sole custody of the child. The little one had been brought up to be truthful and upright, and before she was permitted to write to her father, whom she idolized, a promise not to reveal her hiding place was extracted from her. Her letters were sent to New York and remailed by an aunt. This was the state of affairs when the father reported the matter to me.

"A watch was placed on the aunt, which was kept up day and night for a week. At the end of that time we had the pleasure of locating the mother and little girl in a small place near Bridgeport, Conn. Then we telegraphed the father, who came to New York as fast as steam would bring him. The day following his arrival he secured his lost one. They at once left for the south, and that ended the matter.

"Another case was that of a beautiful young girl about 15 years of age, who was to come into the possession of a large fortune when of legal age. A disappointed member of the family managed to get her to New York. But a young lover of the girl suspected foul play, and prevailed upon his family to furnish the means with which to prosecute a search for her.

"She was known to have come to New York, but here all trace of her was lost. We started in, and as there was plenty of means at the back of the chase, we made a hot chase, and succeeded in finding her three days later. She was sent to a convent, and in time came into possession of her property, and shortly afterward was married to the young man who had instituted the search. They are now living happily, surrounded by a fine little curly headed boy and a sweet faced little girl."—New York Press.

Electric Lights in China.

If report is to be relied on the Chinese have still a long way to go before they will be in a position to avail themselves of the benefits of modern scientific progress. It is stated that the imperial palace, by order of the young emperor, was fitted throughout with electric lights. The imperial cabinet was called together to witness the formal opening of the new system of illumination. Instead, however, of their expressing admiration of the brilliant light they stood aghast. This wonderful sheen, which came and went at the touch of a button, could only be the offspring of supernatural powers, and was probably a machination of evil spirits. Thus in solemn conclave the mandarins decided, and in a very few days the electrical plant was removed.—Chicago Times.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

The Best Blood Medicine

So say Leading Physicians and Druggists, and their opinion is indorsed by thousands cured by it of Scrofula, Eczema, Erysipelas, and other diseases of the blood.

"Ayer's Sarsaparilla has won its reputation by years of valuable service to the community. *It is the best.*"—R. S. Lang, Druggist, 212 Merrimack st., Lowell, Mass.

Dr. W. P. Wright, Paw Paw Ford, Tenn., says: "In my practice, I invariably prescribe Ayer's Sarsaparilla for chronic diseases of the blood."

Dr. R. R. Boyle, Third and Oxford sts., Philadelphia, Pa., writes: "For two years I have prescribed Ayer's Sarsaparilla in numerous instances, and I find it highly efficacious in the treatment of all disorders of the blood."

L. M. Robinson, Pharmacist, Sabina, O., certifies: "Ayer's Sarsaparilla has always been a great seller. My customers think there is no blood-purifier equal to it."

"For many years I was afflicted with scrofulous running sores, which, at last became so bad the doctors advised amputating one of my legs to save my life. I began taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla and soon saw an improvement. After using about two dozen bottles the sores were healed. I continue to take a few bottles of this medicine each year, for my blood, and am no longer troubled with sores. I have tried other reputed blood-purifiers, but none does so much good as Ayer's Sarsaparilla."—D. A. Robinson, Neal, Kansas.

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Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 9 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; P M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Dalziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langlois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D B Sullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Seventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 506 26th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Griffin, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W G Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 163 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge st.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3823 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J R McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 339 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B Mehl, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 3d Sunday, 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 271 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 288 Wells st; J P Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Root st; John Hale, F S; Wm Treacy, Treas; Dr J Bielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 40th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Felix Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Knehlmann, F S; Geo Demilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seuess, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 565 Park av; P Noonan, F S; H O Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1096 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fola, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2301 Hanover st.

St. Patrick's Court, No 21; South Chicago—Wm Tully, C R; Michael O'Neill, R S; F McWinnie, F S; D M Duggan, Treas; Dr J L Larkin, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Thursday in St. Patrick's hall, South Chicago.

St. Elizabeth's Court No. 22—B Burns, C R, 4423 LaSalle st; C A Reidy, R S, 796 Thirty-seventh st; Hugh O'Hare, F S; Thos M Martin, Treas; Dr Chas F Caldwell, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Tuesdays in St. Elizabeth School hall, 41st and State sts.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; R S Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Legonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 351 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas F Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P O Harbour, C R, 186 Blue Island av; M Dora, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lovasse, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 228 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 526 S Morgan st; Joseph Seits, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thommets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaler, R S, 269 W Thirteenth st; John McShea, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 320 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Waubansia av; Joseph E Glessner, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Fazel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schlitt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m.

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—D Deegan, C R, 236 Hudson av; W J Stapleton, R S, 226 Cleveland av; Joseph P Bolden, F S; Edward O'Dea, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Friday, in Muth's hall, 30 Cityborn av.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonb, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, 676 Larrabee st; J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 241 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Schmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Kringe, F S; M Fransen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J C Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 238 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr P H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, 1st Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3644 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pioh, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 381 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1429 Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 420 W Indiana; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 3949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 3917 Emerald av; C Niersbach, F S; Chas Traunsht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Bonfanti, C R, 436 milwaukee av; G B Lagorio, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierotti, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Kranis, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jacquet, Treas. Meet in St. Henry school hall, Bosworth, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Teefy, C R, Room 51 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jamieson, R S; John Michaels, F S; J E Daly, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 98 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av.

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudreau, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. Meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.
County Delegate, J. W. McCarthy, Lemont, Ill.
County Secretary, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth avenue.
County Financial Secretary, W. J. Doherty.
County Treasurer, James H. Lynch.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1.—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 152 W. Madison st.

Div. No. 2—M. McCarthy, Pres., 610 Thirty-second-st.; Thos. Halpin, V.-P.; P. F. O'Brien, Rec. Sec. 923 Thirty-fifth st; Wm. Holton, Fin Sec; M. Lamb, Treas. Meet at 2526 S. Halsted st. 1st Saturday of every month.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 361 S. Halsted-st., Pres.; J. Fletcher, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 629 S Halsted-st; P. F. Radigan, Fin.Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport-av. and Union-st.

Div. No. 5—Timothy Collins, Pres., 2102 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Freil, Recording Sec., 44 Depuyster st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth-av; M. Reilly, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 622 Forty-third-st.; John Moore, Fin. Sec.; Mm. Murray, Treas. Meet first Sunday of month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—Pres., M. J. Barret, 444 Orden av.; Rec. Sec., William Madden, 476 W. Fifteenth-st.; Fin. Sec., James E O'Brien, 376 S Morgan st.; Treas., Mark Hardin, 422 W. Twelfth st. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 375 Oak st; P. Dolan, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 255 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m. in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T C Egan, Pres; T Ahern, V. P.; J Colbert, Rec. Sec.; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec; T Farrell, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., Dominick Nicholson, 26 Emerson av.; V.-P., Dennis Foley; Rec. Sec., John Hoban, 396 W Indiana st; Fin.Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas., Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana st.

Div. No. 12—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2262 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudenrust; Fin.Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. W. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 237 Michigan st; V.-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Tait, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Duggan; Treas, James O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 3 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, P. B. Flanagan, 3623 Fifth av; V.P., Martin Mulcahy; Rec. Sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec, Lawrence Henely; Treas., Thomas Finnigan. Meets first Tuesday each month at 8 p m, 2736 State st.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Loftus, cor W Forty-third and Lafe sts. V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Bresnahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare-Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James H. Lynch, 2 Archer av; V.-P., C A Reedy; Rec. Sec., Thomas J. Waldron, 3331 LaSalle st; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas., Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Queely's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres., Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 o. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeoghegan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John S. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P. Thomas Flynn; Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J. Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div. No. 26—Pres. John McHenus. 5229 Wentworth av; V.-P. J P Doheny; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4425 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 28—Pres. Alexander Reilly, Kensington; Rec. Sec., Dennis Guest, Kensington; Fin. Sec., John Travers; Treas, Thomas Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div. 31—Pres. John Dowling, 267 S. California av; V.-P. Thomas Franey; Rec. Sec., Charles A. McCarthy, 1211 Lexington av; Fin. Sec., Thomas Judge; Treas., James C. King. Meets first Saturday each month at 1066 W. Lake st.

Div. 35—Pres., Thomas Doyle, 3109 Lowe av; V.-P. J. O'Brien; Rec. Sec., Charles P. Holbrook, 3529 S. Halsted st.; Fin. Sec., Michael J O'Brien; Treas., Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts.

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Elected at the New York National Convention, May, 1889.

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Patrick Dugan, National Secretary, 593 Grove st., Jersey City, N. J.
John O'Callaghan, National Treasurer, 734 Carroll av., Chicago, Ill.

STATE DELEGATES.

M. Cramer, 60 Saltingstall av, New Haven, Conn.
John L. Cunningham, 2300 Sidney st, St. Louis, Mo.
Owen Carroll, cor Second st, and Newark av., Jersey City, N.J.
Thomas Breen, Newton, Kas.
John Patton, No. 1 reeman Ct., Roxbury Dist., Boston, Mass.
Rich. Powers, 2617 Dashiel st, Chicago, Ill.
John McFarland, 2734 Carson st., Pittsburg, Pa.
J. McDonald, Excelsior, Mahaska Co, Ia.
Terrence Donohue, 501 W. Forty-third st, New York city.
Thomas Norton, 421 Minnie st, San Francisco, Cal.
J. V. Canavan, Appleton, Wis.
T. F. Thornton, 3010 third av, Birmingham, Ala.
Dan Gallagher, Box 406, Steubenville, O.
William Sheerin, Trinidad, Colo.
P. M. Lunday, 233 Union av, St. Pueblo.
P. J. Healy, 2304 Seventh st., N W, Washington, D. C.
Thos. Noonan, 88 E 8. venth st., St. Paul, Minn.
John W. Conoly, Lonaconing, Maryland.
Patrick Walsh, Benwood, West Virginia.
P. J. Walsh, 19 Spring st, Portland, Me.
Patrick Cleary, Escanaba, Mich.
Thomas Banks, Co. Secretary, 204 Mott st, New York city, Agent for New York.

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Secretary, John Mulvihill,

GENERAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

CHARLES KERN,

Democratic Candidate for County Treasurer.

The Democratic nominee for Treasurer of Cook County, Mr Charles Kern, is probably as widely and as favorably known to the people and the voters of Cook County as any one of the candidates presented on either ticket.

A citizen of Chicago since 1865, he has been a conspicuous figure in politics. In 1868 and subsequently in 1870 and 1872 he was the nominee of the Democratic party for the Shrievalty, and though failing of an election he ran ahead of his ticket in every instance. The "odds" were too great.

In 1876—that memorable year when Samuel J. Tilden carried the banner of Democracy—Mr. Kern was again, and unanimously, nominated for the same office, and came in first under the wire—the only Democrat elected of the whole county ticket.

After serving his term of Sheriff to the satisfaction of the public, he devoted his attention to his private business interests. Mr. Kern is a member of the Cook County Democracy, who elected him their President for two terms. He is also a member of the Iroquois Club, which he served in the capacity of Vice President.

Socially, Mr. Kern is connected with several sporting clubs, with the Masonic fraternity, and a number of purely social clubs, in all of which he has succeeded in making hosts of friends by reason of his gentlemanly bearing and his genial, affable manner.

Neither in private nor in society life, neither in business nor in political life can aught be said against the character and integrity of the Democratic nominee for County Treasurer. An unsullied record of twenty-five years in this community, such as his, offers ample security that he will uphold this record after his election to the Treasurership.

THOMAS W. SENNOTT.

Republican Candidate for the Clerkship of the Probate Court.

Mr. Sennott was born in Cincinnati, O., in 1853, and came to this city at an early age. He has always taken an active interest in politics. In 1882 he was elected to the Probate Court Clerkship, and has discharged the duties of that office to the public satisfaction.

ATTENTION VETERANS!

The undersigned, having been duly recognized and authorized to act as Pension and Bounty Claim Agent by the Interior Department of the United States, will be ready to attend to all business of the kind, including widows' and orphans' claims, that may be entrusted to him on and after Monday, Sept. 1, 1890. No fee charged if claim is not allowed.

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A botanical compound, put up in packages and sent by mail at *one-third the cost* of ordinary medicine. Large packages, sufficient for 3 quarts, $1.00; half-size packages, sufficient for 3 pints, 50c.; sample packages, 25c.

A reliable Agent wanted in this locality.

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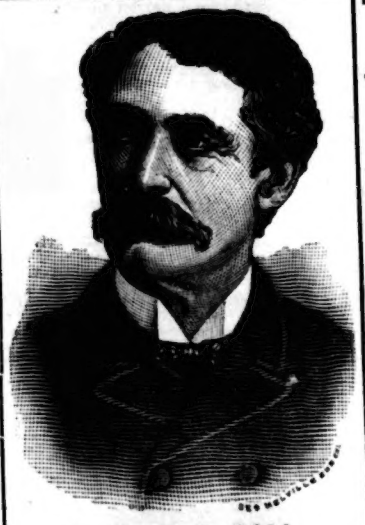

MAJOR F. Q. BALL.

Major Farlin Q. Ball, the nominee for Superior Judge, from the township of Cicero, was born in America. Maj Ball is a fine scholar, a graduate from the State University, of Madison, Wis. During the year 1861 he entered the Thirty-first Wisconsin Regiment as a private, and at the close of the war mustered out a Major. Mr. Ball is an able lawyer, and will fill the position with satisfaction to the people. In the fall of 1869 Maj Ball came to Chicago, and has practiced law in the city ever since.

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Classes, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 25 cents a person. Dancing Soirees, Wednesday evenings, 25 cents per couple. The hall will be open for engagements on Saturday evenings, and the society hall for two or three evenings every week.

CLINE & KELLY, Proprietors.

GENERAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Michael McInerney

Democratic Candidate for Representative from the Second Legislative District of Illinois.

Michael McInerney was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1856, and came to America before he attained his majority. Even in his early boyhood, he was warmly attached to the cause of liberty in his native land. When he came to this city, he began his career as an employe of the Union Stock Yards. He always proved himself a hard worker—energetic and industrious, and won the favorable notice of his employers, although he frequently differed from them in politics. Mr. McInerney, in every political contest, proved himself the sturdy champion of the people of the Town of Lake. Previous to the coming upon the political stage of Mr. McInerney and his friends, the monopolistic element of Lake had everything their own way. McInerney's excellent method of doing battle for his constituents speedily brought them to their senses and gave better government to the municipality. In order to be untrammelled in his political action, Mr. McInerney resigned his position under the Union Stock Yards company, and went into business on his own account. In the great contest for the election of members of the Board of Education, Mr. McInerney, after a desperate contest, defeated Mr. Roswell Z. Herrick, an exceedingly strong man, who had at his back the most potent corporation influences. Most of the reforms effected in the Lake School Board were brought about by the exertions of Mr. McInerney, and his supporters in that body.

A few years ago, Mr. McInerney engaged in the brick business, in connection with Mr. M. J. Tearney, an extensive capitalist. The firm was incorporated under the title of the Union Brick Company, of which Mr. McInerney is now president. In addition to the brick business, Mr. McInerney has an undertaking establishment, under the firm name of McInerney Bros. This firm does about the largest undertaking business in the city of Chicago.

The assaults made upon Mr. McInerney since his nomination as State Representative, by an organ of his own party, are due, Mr. McInerney's friends claim, to personal enmity. His public record can stand any amount of investigation. As he is an indefatigable worker, and, in addition, has many friends even in the ranks of his political opponents, Mr. McInerney's election is a foregone conclusion. The attacks made upon him by the Democratic organ already alluded to have only enhanced his chances of success.

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DAVID SULLIVAN, ATTORNEY, 87 WASHINGTON-ST.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK—ss. Circuit Court of Cook County. October Term, A. D 1890 Clara B. Meader vs Nelson L. Meader. In Chancery. No. 85,330.

Notice is hereby given to the said Nelson L. Meader that the above named complainant heretofore filed her bill of complaint in said court on the chancery side thereof, and that a summons thereupon issued out of said court against the above named defendant, returnable on the first day of the term of the Circuit Court of Cook County, to be held at the Court House, in Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November A. D. 1890, as is by law required, and which suit is still pending.

HENRY BEST, Clerk.

David Sullivan, Complainant's Solicitor.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—Probate Court of Cook County. November Term, 1890. To Jay C. Newman and to all whom it may concern:

Take Notice that Lewis Newman and Clara M. Newman have filed in said Probate Court a petition, praying for the appointment of Lewis Newman and Clara M. Newman, or some other fit person as conservators of Jay C. Newman, an insane or distracted person; the hearing of said petition will take place on the first day of the November term, A. D. 1890, on Monday, the 17th day of November A. D. 1890, at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, Cook County, Illinois, at which time and place you are hereby notified to attend and show cause, if any you have or can show, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

THOMAS W. SENNOTT, Clerk.

Chicago, October 13, 1890.

Wing, Stough, Carter & Qualey, Solicitors for petitioners.

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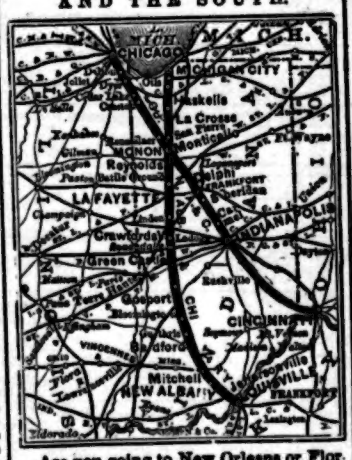

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